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JUNE

A BOOK  
FOR THE COUNTRY  
IN  
SUMMER TIME.

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# JUNE:

## A BOOK FOR THE COUNTRY

IN SUMMER TIME.

BY

H. T. STAINTON.

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"If the whole of human life were like a fine English day in June,  
we should cease to wish for 'another and a better world.'"

---

LONDON:

LONGMAN, BROWN, GREEN & LONGMANS.

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TO  
L. D. A.,  
WHO FIRST SUGGESTED  
THAT THE APPEARANCE OF  
"AN ANNUAL"  
IN THE SUMMER TIME  
WOULD BE A BOON TO MANY,

*This Volume*  
IS  
APPROPRIATELY DEDICATED.





## P R E F A C E.

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“No great object,” said Lord Cranworth, on introducing his Plan for a Consolidation of the Statutes to the consideration of the House of Lords, “was ever accomplished without some enthusiasm.” Perhaps enthusiasm may not be altogether useless in effecting a *little* object.

The object of the following pages is to show how much the pleasures of country life may be increased by some acquaintance with the various forms of animal and vegetable life with which we are surrounded. Whether this be a *great* or a *little* object is a point which will probably always remain in dis-

pute, and it does not become me to express any opinion on that matter.

If this little book meet with a favourable reception, and be found to answer the end in view, I may probably bring out a companion to it another year.

H. T. STANTON.

MOUNTSFIELD, LEWISHAM,  
*April 14, 1856.*

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## J U N E.

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IN our climate the month in which the summer solstice occurs is one of peculiar interest ; it is the first month in which summer really asserts its supremacy. Much of its predecessor has been more or less under the subjection of snarling east winds, which render the temperature more painful to the feelings than what we experience in mild-winter.

In June, with but few exceptions, summer enters into undisturbed possession, and the season for tourists and travellers has commenced.

One cannot help pitying the unfortunate inhabitants of tropical countries, to whom the charms of a long summer's day are unknown, and one can well understand the feeling which induced Mr. Richardson, whilst writing at Calcutta his "Flowers and Flower Gardens," to expatiate with some rapture on the charms of June in England:—"If the whole of human

B

life were like a fine English day in June, we should cease to wish for 'another and a better world.' It is often from dawn to sunset one revel of delight."

Who does not feel the truth of this? All who are cheerful and contented must find a responsive echo within them, while it can be but the moody and grumbling who would object to this delineation of the charms of our midsummer.

From before four o'clock in the morning, for those who like to rise so early, till after ten o'clock at night, is it not one intensity of delight? The brilliant dawn—the mild breeze—the rising lark—the waving of the tops of the blooming grass in the hay fields, just ready for mowing—the roses in the garden—the rich foliage of the wood—the varied notes of the songsters of the grove—the blaze of wild flowers—the gay and busy tribes of insects—is there not music in all these? Does not all nature seem happy, and celebrating, as it were, some high festival? And

"Shall man, the great master of all,  
The only insensible prove?"

I cannot think so badly of my readers, but that they will say "We too will be happy." Though no advocate for any one being dull or

wretched because the weather may not be bright and sunny, still I am not insensible to the added charm of fine weather, and am disposed to act upon the Scotch proverb of "contented wi' little, and canty wi' mair."

Fine weather would afford us less enjoyment if it never varied—it is the contrast that pleases; after three or four dull drizzling days, how a bright sunny day brings *every thing out*, from the blossom of the scarlet pimpernel, and the not less brilliant butterfly, to those extra shoals of human beings that flock up and down Cheapside and the Strand because it is a fine day, not like yesterday when it rained without intermission just because it was the Chiswick Flower Show.

Yet in the *country* there is much to enjoy even in wet weather. I don't know that I can say the same of London, but in a dusty country lane a good soaking rain is not without its brighter side, cleansing the hedges from the superfluous dust, refreshing the parched soil, and causing the birds to sing with delight, and a calm, quiet, steady rain is very enjoyable to my fancy.

Those who like to grumble, the sort of people one would expect "to *enjoy* bad health," can always find something to grumble at, and if it



rains the roads are muddy, and everything wet and disagreeable, and if it is fine the roads are dusty, and everything gritty and disagreeable (of course the everything includes themselves and their tempers); if there is a breeze it is unpleasantly windy, if it is calm it is oppressively close, and portends a storm. But any storm that would clear the air of their grumbling propensities would surely be highly acceptable to all their friends and acquaintances.

But let us now proceed to examine *seriatim* the various ingredients which go to form the cup of happiness of a fine day in June, because by analyzing the separate items of the sum total of pleasure, we shall get clearer notions how each may be turned to the best advantage. The principal ingredients may be considered as follows:—

1° duration of daylight; 2° temperature, warm but rarely sultry; 3° splendid appearance of the garden; 4° rich and varied herbage of the fields; 5° dense, yet fresh green foliage of the wood; 6° the song of birds; 7° the blaze of insect life, so suddenly at its maximum.

**THE DURATION OF DAYLIGHT.**—Were there no other difference between June and December than the increased length of time during which the sun is above the horizon, that would of itself

be no slight advantage in favour of the former month. An excess of daylight, enabling one to see whatever one is working at with less than half the trouble required in dull dark weather, is to my notions a great boon ; and the long light mornings, daylight before one is at all disposed to make use of it, are a real luxury to all early risers. It is true Mr. Richardson, already referred to, seemed to think that the acmè of delight was to lie in bed on a fine June morning ; for he writes, " How pleasantly from the first break of day have I lain wide awake and traced the approach of the breakfast hour by the increasing notes of birds, and the advancing sunlight on my curtains. A summer feeling at such a time would make my heart dance within me as I thought of the long cheerful day to be enjoyed, and planned some rural walk or rustic entertainment. As I heard the lark singing in a ' glorious privacy of light,' and saw the boughs of the green and gold laburnum waving at my window, and had my fancy filled with images of nature and beauty, I felt a glow of fresh life in my veins, and my soul was inebriated with joy." It is difficult to imagine that a writer who enjoyed so keenly the pleasures of imagination whilst lying in bed would not have enjoyed still more the delights of an actual morning walk. There

are no hours of the day so intensely enjoyable as the early morning hours; often and often have I tried to analyze the feelings whence this intensity of enjoyment proceeded: there is a freshness, an innocence, so to speak, about every thing in nature, which does not strike one in the after part of the day; and though the serenity of a summer's evening has its own pleasures, the animal man is then tired with the exertions of the day, and has not his muscles so strung to that enjoyment of life as when he first rises from his slumbers in the morning.

I fear some of my readers will think me enthusiastic and visionary, but I speak from experience; and if they have not reaped the same delight from a before breakfast walk, in the first flush and glory of summer, I fear that they have not given their matutinal rambles a fair trial, or that they belong to the discontented and grumbling portion of the community.

**THE TEMPERATURE WARM BUT NOT SULTRY.**  
—It is a melancholy reflection that man should be so influenced by the weather, that his temper to a great extent reflects the skyey influences; in cold ungenial weather in May, how many persons are crabbed! feeling that “the times are out of joint;” a pleasant warm summery day

comes, and then they are as agreeable as the weather.

In July and August, on the other hand, there is an increase of hot sultry weather, and again you hear the cry "What a disagreeable day! I can stand any sort of weather but this; it is so close, you feel as if you couldn't breathe." Now June, taken as a whole, steers clear of both these faults; taken as a whole, I say, because individual days in individual Junes may be found painfully cold (I think I can remember wet days when the thermometer never reached  $45^{\circ}$ ), and others in the opposite extreme, unpleasantly sultry.

The actual heat is not so much a drawback to enjoyment, as the absence of fresh breezes to moderate the heat; for you may have very pleasant enjoyable weather, with the thermometer above  $80^{\circ}$ ; and you may have unpleasantly close weather, with the thermometer below  $65^{\circ}$ .

It is astonishing how rapidly the human frame habituates itself to the alterations of temperature; the first two or three days of hot weather we have, we feel the heat, but after that, we get quite accustomed to it; and if the weather changes so as to revert to the temperate climate we were previously enjoying, we at once exclaim, "Oh! how chilly it is!" Who, that is gifted with the faculties of observation, has not noticed this?

**THE SPLENDID APPEARANCE OF THE GARDEN.**—The glory of the lilacs has departed, but the laburnum still ornaments the shrubbery with its golden flowers ; numbers of annuals are beginning to expand their petals ; and *the rose* is in its glory. And the rose is a beautiful flower : we should prize it were it scentless ; how much more then, when to the external beauties of form and colour is added the additional charm of fragrance ! I like to see a garden well stocked with roses. I like to see them of all shades of colour—the white, the delicate pink, the deeper rose and the dark crimson—all so different, yet each so beautiful !

The honeysuckle blooms in the porch, both ornamental and sweet-scented ; the latter good quality we appreciate more sensibly at evening dusk, for then it exhales a more fragrant perfume ; and then it is that we see its clusters of flowers visited by whole troops of those lovers of sweets—the moths.

The American snow-plant, a near relation of our own honeysuckle, is seen to have the same charms for these nocturnal rovers, though the influence on our sense of smell is less appreciable ; but its snow-white berries add considerably to the adornment of the garden.

The petunias are now just expanding their

first flowers, and though they connect our thoughts with the period of their glory, August, still we like to gaze on the opening buds, and watch the rapidity with which the young shoots spread on all sides, completely covering the previously barren-looking bed.

The verberna too, with its varied hues, scarlet, crimson, purple, lilac and white. What a contrast it forms with the rich, intense yellow of the *Eschscholtzia Californica* and the delicate pink of the pretty *Clarkia*!

Now it is that the cistus expands its soon-to-be-prostrate petals, reminding one most forcibly of the truth, that—

“ All that’s bright must fade,  
The brightest still the fleetest.”

It scatters its white favours all around it, as if their beauties were not worth retaining, and the fallen petals serve to ornament many a humble plant beneath it. Shall we not then rather compare it to the benevolent action of one who, having more than he requires for his own use, imparts to those less plentifully supplied; and shall we not deduce from it the moral, that our talents are not to be employed simply for our own gratification, but should be exerted for the benefit and happiness of others? Happy indeed

is he who does not, when he sees the fallen petals of the cistus, reflect that that plant has distributed more than he has.

But I must not omit to notice that singular plant, the mignonette. Why singular? I hear some reader ask. Just look at it, and if, on closer scrutiny, you do not find that the flower is curiously constructed, and different from ordinary flowers, I am very much mistaken.

Among the pleasures of the garden we cannot omit to notice the finest English fruit, the strawberry. Both finest and first in the season. Some may be disposed to question, whether if strawberries ripened in September instead of June, we should prize them so highly? It is very possible we might not think quite so much of them; but still should we value any other fruit more? Man enjoys strawberries, and so do slugs. Perhaps they derive a more intense enjoyment from them than we do, and feel obliged to us for growing them for their gratification. Well, if it adds to the pleasure of slug life, by all means let them have a few strawberries, for at times the fruit ripens faster than we can eat them.

**THE RICH AND VARIED HERBAGE OF THE FIELDS.**—The hayfield, gay with buttercups and sorrel, the varied hues of the blooming grass,

all in gentle undulation under the influence of the south-west breeze; who does not appreciate its charm? Or let us skirt the field and find the hedge sides white with the blossoms of the cow parsley, and its immediate successor, the cow parsnip; the small bindweed creeping on the grassy banks; the bryony hanging in festoons in the hedges. Or try yon pasture field by the edge of the brook, the ragged robin, and the meadow sweet, the willow herb and the forget-me-not, have each a pleasant smile for us as we gaze on them.

The forget-me-not is always a favourite, and sometimes we see it grown in gardens, but it has not for me the same charms there that it has in its native haunts. I like to see it growing in the soft splashy mud at the side of the pool; and I like to come unexpectedly on a large tuft of it. The feeling is not an unnatural one which prompts us, on deriving pleasure from the sight of anything, to wish to have it with us at home, to have it more accessible. We are apt to forget how much our pleasure was mixed up with the delight of the sudden *rencontre* in a spot where all things were in harmony; and when we transport our treasure, thinking always to derive the same pleasure from it, we are apt to be disappointed, and to feel as Rosamond did with the



purple jar, that though we have got the thing we asked for, we have not what we want.

THE DENSE, YET FRESH GREEN FOLIAGE OF THE WOOD.—All is green; there are no early decaying leaves to rustle on the path, and no trees are so laggard as to have not yet assumed their summer livery; all is green, all is fresh. Oh! it is pleasant to wander in a large expanse of wood; here, the moss-covered trunk of an old oak, the growth of many and many a year; there, the graceful birch with its white and wrinkled stem, or the smooth green trunk of the beech; there, that imported glory of our forest trees—the horse-chestnut, its season for blooming hardly yet over; and to see a large tree standing well by itself, its pyramids of white flowers looking like so many lighted candelabras, is a sight of which we should think much were it not so common. But is it less worthy of observation and admiration because of frequent occurrence?

The lime, with its thin, lop-sided leaves—the ash, with its graceful form and elegant pinnate leaves—the mountain-ash, vying with its namesake (though no relation) in beauty of form—each adds its share to the glories of the wood.

And

“ When the sun is high  
In the bright blue sky,”

to shelter beneath the shade of some woody retreat and watch the various inhabitants, the squirrels, the birds and the insects, has much of interest for those who have learnt to read the book of Nature. For strange is it, that whereas every form of animal and vegetable life contains much both to interest and to instruct, to too many such forms are unintelligible; true they were taught in early life some two or three languages, and something of the history of the human race, but how to study the works of their Creator they have never learnt; and the influence of such study on the human mind is not a thing to be despised, as all know who have drunk at that fountain of delight.

Of no one thing do I feel more convinced than that at this present time a vast impulse is being given to the more general study of natural history, but still it will be long before this impulse is sufficiently great to enable us to calculate all the benefits which will eventually be realized by its agency.

**THE SONG OF BIRDS.**—This is not by any means peculiar to June, and as, early in this month, the nightingale ceases to be heard, June may be considered inferior to May; but as most birds sing only when it is light, the amount of singing performed in June is more than in any

other month in the year. The thrush will sometimes continue incessantly for twenty hours, from 2 A.M. to 10 P.M. ; three years ago one of these birds was located so near the house, and kept up such an unintermitting song, that it was rather more than was altogether agreeable ; it was literally singing all day long, and all the summer through. The lark, rising from its dewy couch, is also on the wing earlier in June than in other months ; then there are the swallows, never wearied of flying to and fro, twittering as they fly, and occasionally resting to indulge in more lengthened cadences. The cuckoo now passes his meridian glory, reminding one of an operatic *prima donna* who, though with waning voice, continues to sing yet "for one season more," each season "positively the last."

What needs it further to enumerate the black-bird, wood lark, with many others ? Gilbert White observes : "I heard many birds of several species sing last year after Midsummer ; enough to prove that the summer solstice is not the period that puts a stop to the music of the woods. The yellow-hammer, no doubt, persists with more steadiness than any other ; but the wood-lark, the wren, the red-breast, the swallow, the white-throat, the goldfinch, the common linnet, are all undoubted instances of the truth of what I advanced."

THE BLAZE OF INSECT LIFE SO SUDDENLY AT ITS MAXIMUM.—To those who have eyes wherewith they can see the numbers of the insect-world which surround them, but who are not acquainted with their habits and previous changes, it must appear a perfect miracle where they all spring from ; not merely of one order, but of all orders, there they are, literally *in thousands upon thousands*. Those white butterflies, flying sportively in the meadows, mingling with some brown gentry of a graver demeanour, that large moth, with yellow underwings, which rises hurriedly from just before your feet as you walk through the newly-cut hayfield, and those shoals of little whitish moths which keep settling among the grass, and pointing their long noses downwards, as if it were a misdemeanour for them to look upwards—where have these all sprung from ? for, excepting some of the white butterflies, none of them were visible a month ago. Each had previously spent the larger proportion of its life under a totally different form—a yellow-green caterpillar feeding on cabbages, a green caterpillar on grass, a fat, dirty-grey caterpillar feeding on primroses, and a small grey caterpillar feeding amongst moss ; these were the preparatory states of the different insects we now see.

Those hosts of dragon-flies winging their way so lightly over the surface of every pool ; those day-flies with their up and down flight at even-tide ; those clouds of gnats which play so sportively in company, all passed the previous stages of their existence in very different forms in the water.

No fairy tale is more extraordinary than these changes in the forms and habits of individual insects. In birds and beasts we see the likeness of the parents reproduced in their young ; a chicken is not so very different from a hen, nor a calf from a cow, but what we could conceive the one to grow into the other ; but he must be indeed clever at solving a problem who, on being shown a gnat in its caterpillar (or larva) stage of growth, and having no previous information on the subject, should be able to say to what it would turn.

It has been observed that a man shut up in a room by himself might reason out all the truths of mathematics, but he would never be able to discover that the mixture of blue and yellow would form green, without making the experiment, and in like manner it is impossible to foretell what insect will be produced from any caterpillar till the experiment has been tried ; and therefore it is that what is termed the breeding of insects, that is, the collecting them in their primary stages, and watching them carefully to

see to what they turn, is a continual series of experiments.

But some of my readers have, perhaps, when picking strawberries in the evening, noticed a curious little white substance floating slowly on the air, not far from the ground ; it looks something like a large snow-flake, but is more feathery. Should you notice it again, endeavour to ascertain what it is, for it is one of the most curious and beautiful members of the insect world.

By the side of a weedy bank, sheltered by a hedge, you are almost sure to see several of them, floating so gently it hardly seems as though they were impelled by any muscular exertion. The insect in question is called the white plume (*Pterophorus pentadactylus*), and you will find that the wings are divided so as to appear like five feathers on each side ; but this was at one time a quiet, ordinary looking, green, slightly hairy caterpillar, feeding on the lesser bindweed (*Convolvulus arvensis*), and in due time, having sufficiently eaten, and grown to its full size, it changed to a chrysalis, remaining in a state of perfect repose for two or three weeks, till at length, one balmy evening, it burst from its death-like repose, and appeared in its state of snow-white purity. It is a startling spectacle to

see one of these little creatures burst into life, for the insect is more nearly developed than is generally the case, the wings have but little to grow, and its robes of virgin white seem so typical of angelic purity that one seems to witness a resurrection.

We will now proceed to discuss the varied aspects of June in different parts of the country, and, after considering June in Scotland and June at the Lakes, we will visit the south of England, see what is to be seen in June in Devonshire and June in Sussex, concluding with June in the neighbourhood of London.

## JUNE IN SCOTLAND.

WITH the first of June the summer arrangements for travelling in the Highlands commence, and the stream of passengers from Stirling to Doune and Callender, and from Glasgow to Dumbarton and Balloch, begins its annual flow *en route* for the Trosachs, Loch Katrine and Loch Lomond.

Who that has steamed up Loch Lomond has not felt the charm of the scenery? The lofty peak of Ben Lomond, the numerous islets scattered over the face of this, the queen of the Scottish lakes, are every year gazed on by thousands of tourists who had never seen them before, and the delight each receives from the first view of this scene remains impressed on the recollection through life.

Who that has first visited Scotland, near Midsummer, has not felt surprise at the suddenly lengthened days, and the strange absence of darkness at night? The tourist amuses himself, as he walks by the shore of the Loch at midnight, in reading the smallest print, or in reading over again a letter from his correspondent in London; the natives are surprised that he should



think that extraordinary to which they have been used all their lives, and he wonders that such a strange phenomenon should have existed within four hundred miles of his previous residence, of which he should till now have remained in perfect ignorance.

True, he was aware that at the equator the sun always sets at 6 P.M. ; true, he was aware that within the arctic circle (but four hundred miles north of the Shetland Isles) the sun would at Midsummer be visible at midnight ! yet, knowing this, he was not prepared for the sudden difference in June between midnight on the banks of the Thames and midnight on the banks of the Clyde.

It was in June that I first visited Dunoon. Dunoon is not on any of the lines of tours, but is one of the most important watering-places in Scotland ; it is little more than two hours removed from Glasgow. From Glasgow to Greenock the railway conveys one in an hour, and from Greenock the steamer conveys the traveller past Gourock to Kirn and Dunoon. Starting from Greenock the traveller who, while in the railway, has been admiring the beauties of the Clyde, finds that the width of the river is, apparently, enormously increased by his being then just opposite the Gare Loch, on the shores

of which Helensburg is situated ; the passengers are soon all on board, the bell rings, and the steamer is off ; he looks over the side of the vessel, and admires the clearness of the water (a clearness which all Scotch travellers will, when on the Rhine, remember to the disparagement of the latter river). If the sun be shining, and there be no mists to obscure the view, he cannot but admire the undulating ground which borders the Clyde on either side, and when, after passing Gourock and Gourock Castle, the steamer steers across the river, soon being nearly opposite to Loch Long, the more abrupt and bolder appearance of the hills (not that they yet approach to mountains), compels a higher degree of admiration. The promontory that separates Loch Long from the Holy Loch stands out especially ; the traveller sees from the deck of the steamboat the outline of the hill against the naked sky : he sees it, as it were, in section ; however much the foreshortening may affect the end of the hill which is towards him, the sides are seen evidently at their actual angle of elevation. But now the steamer has crossed in front of the Holy Loch, and, having disembarked passengers at Kirn, has arrived at Dunoon. Here the hills do not rise abruptly, and there is a considerable extent of cultivated land behind the houses, but beyond

are the hills, covered with heather, in some places mixed with bilberry. In each ravine where, during winter, runs a mountain torrent, a ranker vegetation may be met with; the birch, the sallow and the mountain ash are the principal bushes, but here and there are whitethorns and sloe-bushes, and the smaller flowering plants are also not neglected.

It is an interesting thing to follow any of these little streams upwards; the variety of form which the little glen assumes, now narrowed between two nearly upright cliffs, now expanding, and perhaps almost forming a marsh. Various flowers greet the botanist, different birds are noticed by the ornithologist, and curious insects gladden the eye of the entomologist. Nor can a geologist follow the track of this mountain stream without finding much to interest him in the sections on the sides of the torrent, which its occasional turbulence is continually keeping fresh.

Would that these lovely glens were more frequently explored by naturalists!

After following the glen for some time, the traveller, by degrees, arrives near the summit of the hill, and here a different appearance at once presents itself; if the elevation be great, and the summit flat, it is almost certain to be of a boggy

nature. The heather gradually disappears, or grows only in tufts; a coarse mountain grass is found in some plenty, and the white pods of the cotton grass wave in the breeze. In this elevated position, seeking a spot of firm ground on which to stand securely whilst looking around him, the traveller pauses to admire the view.

Beneath him lies Dunoon, clustered, as it were, close to the Clyde; looking across the broad expanse of water, he sees the heathery hills of the Ayrshire coast, and the white tower of the Clock Lighthouse, where the course of the Clyde turns nearly at a right angle; looking up the river he sees a steamer just coming out of Gourock Bay; looking down the river he descries another steamer plying its way to Rothsay; looking to the north of Dunoon he sees, towering above the range of hills on his side of the Holy Loch, the abrupt hills of the Kilmun side of that Loch; further to the north he sees only a continuous succession of hills, of various sizes, similar in character to that on which he is standing.

Lower down the hill side he hears the bells of the sheep pastured there, and around him soars a solitary lapwing, with its continual mournful cry of peewit, not in a monotonous tone, but now plaintive, now expostulatory, now uttered shrilly

almost in his ear, and now borne on the breeze from a distance.

The eye has feasted on scenery, the ear has drunk in the sounds appropriate to the spot, but yet there is much on which the naturalist can still dwell with delight; the little yellow tormentil (*Tormentilla officinalis*), a flower with which he is cognisant at home, is still his companion; he sees it trailing over the black boggy earth, and expanding its four yellow petals to the blue sky just as it would do in Kent or Sussex. The wild bee settles on the flower; again, he feels a thrill of emotion, just so had he watched, when a child, the bees settle on this same flower on the chalk downs at Lewes.

In that lonely spot how this reminiscence of his childhood affects the whole man! He passes in review whole years of his life, thinks to what purpose he has lived and is living; determines that much of his past time has been wasted, and resolves in future to do better.

Many who may read these lines may have formed such resolutions—I hope they have kept them.

It is astonishing to what an extent one is often led into serious and, I hope, profitable reflections, by some accidental object, more especially if we are alone and in a scene of beauty or grandeur;

one feels at such times palpably lifted out of the ordinary every-day channels of ideas, and one seems to view one's self and one's whole career, as from some extraneous position.

But let us imagine the traveller to descend from the hill to which he had wandered, and let him retrace his way from Dunoon, and thence take the inland road to Sandbank, whence the ferry will carry him across the Holy Loch to Kilmun. Kilmun is now a very different place from what it was ten years ago : then it was a small quiet-looking place, nearly at the head of the Loch ; now it has straggled all the way to the point, and, for aught I know to the contrary, may, by this time, have turned round the corner and extended half-way to Ardentinny, along the shores of Loch Long. Well, there is plenty of room for building houses in that wild country, and as they only build a single file of houses along the banks of those Lochs, by all means let them go on building, for the amount of enjoyment each additional houseful of summer visitors must reap there, is far more worthy of consideration than the disappointment of the tourist who finds a row of houses and a fashionable hotel in some spot which he remembers but a few years ago as a lovely and romantic place, where he

had all the enjoyment of it to himself, undisturbed by the busy hum of human life.

The object of our aim should not be the maximum of enjoyment to any one individual or class, but the maximum of happiness of the whole human race; this is one great object of our being, and if we run counter to that object in any way we must expect to reap a harvest of disappointments and annoyances.

But our traveller, after walking along the shore of the Loch some little distance, has found some track which leads on to the hill side, and has threaded his way through the narrow belt of fir trees, near the foot of the hill, and has crossed the half-grassy ground beyond it, where the orchis grows so freely; and thence, over a stone wall or two, he has reached the steeper portion of the hill, threaded with innumerable sheep-tracks among the heather. Here, then, he pauses for a while, gazing on the Loch beneath him and at the opposite shore; the blooming heather amongst which he sits is visited ever and anon by the numerous wild bees—an interesting race of creatures, whose habits on that hill side have probably never been explored by any one. Yet the watering-place below swarms with children, to whom such amusement and occupation would be a real boon, and develop

latent faculties of observation which might prove serviceable in some future Crimean campaign. It is strange that often as I have been on that hill side, I hardly ever saw any of the dwellers by the shore ascend to the heathery heights. Is it because they can go any day they never do go? or how?

But presently, booming along with a heavy flight, slower than that of the bee, he beholds the Burnet sphinx (*Anthrocera Filipendulæ*), an old friend, which he used to chace, when a boy, in his father's hayfield; and here he finds it equally at home on the steep hill side above Kilmun, for the insect is not peculiar in its habitats, and is found in a great variety of situations.

The traveller, being now rested, continues his ascent till he reaches the summit, and gazes over the other side into Loch Long; the view from here, looking up Loch Long, is very fine, and any one who, after reading this, is seized with a desire to judge for themselves, is strongly recommended to make the attempt. At any rate, I will not spoil his pleasure by attempting to describe what he will see: he will see something well worth looking at, and well worth climbing the hill to see, to my fancy; but all tastes are not alike, and all may not gaze with



the same rapture on the scene that I have often done. I have spent many hours on the top of that hill, and never left it without regret, and a strange feeling, akin to awe, that the beauty of the scene would remain the same though I should not be there to see it.

Edinburgh is a fine city ; the situation is one of extreme beauty : this the denizens thereof cannot sufficiently appreciate ; but let them travel where they will, they may seek in vain for a busy capital of a country in so picturesque a situation. Either the Carlton Hill, the Castle Hill, or Arthur's Seat alone would be quite sufficient to stamp it with a peculiar character, but the position of all three, two in the town itself, and the other immediately adjoining, is a real *embarras des richesses*.

Let any one who has never visited Edinburgh before, and who arrives there late at night, and goes weary to bed, be astir early the following morning, and let him take the direction of Arthur's Seat. Let him leave his Hotel in Princes Street, and crossing into the Old Town, descend the High Street till, reaching the Palace of Holyrood, he turns to the right and enters the King's Park ; in a short time he arrives at the foot of Arthur's Seat, and ascending it

cannily in the hollow of its back (as it were), in due time he reaches the object of his ambition ; for who that finds himself on the slope of a hill, does not wish to stand on the summit ? Whether this is but a sample of the restlessness of human nature, that always wants to be at the top of every thing, it is not for me to determine ; but I throw it out for consideration, whether those who are indifferent to the pleasure of standing on the summit of a hill, so as to be able to see all that is to be seen, may not be in other matters also indifferent as to their onward and upward progress ?

But our traveller has reached the summit, and has gazed around him, at the grassy Pentlands, at the blue waters of the Forth, which he sees glistening in the sunlight, and at objects of interest nearer him ; for at his feet, so to speak, does he not see the scene of many a curling match, Duddingstone Loch, and close beside it, well sheltered with trees, the little village of Duddingstone, so close to Edinburgh and yet so romantically distant.

Perhaps the traveller descends the hill on that side with the view of scrutinizing more closely this portion of the landscape ; but if he leaves the beaten track he must be cautious, for in the summer months the short grass of Arthur's Seat

becomes rather slippery. At any rate I have often vainly attempted to combine agility of movement with an erect position—and you feel so absurd when your legs go from under you and you come down precipitately.

But perhaps having arrived at a recumbent position, it may be as well to retain it for a short time. Ah! those yellow flowers, waving their fully blown blossoms in the breeze, remind one of the Surrey Downs; truly it is the same plant, the common sun-cistus (*Helianthemum vulgare*), and hovering amongst them, and reposing at times on the corolla, insects may be seen identical with those of the South of England.

The scene, how different! but the vegetation, the insect life, and the observer, the same!

What would not a Londoner give to have an Arthur's Seat set down at his door; but does the citizen of Edinburgh appreciate the boon he has received? Who ever does appreciate the good things he has! and who does not wish for something he has not? London, however, still enjoys its Blackheath and Hampstead Heath, and, in spite of the threatened inroads of enclosure, both are still intact. Let us then be thankful for what we have, and take care we don't lose them; but at the same time if the inhabitant of

Edinburgh learns to prize his Arthur's Seat more highly, and make a better use of it, by all means let him do so.

Think of the eternal flat country of Holland and the North of Germany, and be grateful for any elevations in the soil. No Briton can value sufficiently the generally undulating character of his own country, who has not made a pilgrimage in the North of Europe. It seems to us natural that the surface of the soil should not be flat—no doubt the Swiss thinks it natural it should be mountainous—but a little experience soon cures us of this delusion, and we learn to appreciate and to enjoy more fully the variety of hill and dale with which our island is intersected.

Rothsay, the capital of the Isle of Bute, the Montpelier, the Torquay of Scotland, where invalids go for health, where the fuchsias survive the winter, is a large place pleasantly situated in a little bay, and is well worthy of a visit, but those who like grander scenery should go to the Isle of Arran. Many of the glens in that Island are very fine; my first visit in 1845 was to Glen Rosie, my second and last to Glen Sannox. Judging from what little I have seen, the whole island must be worth exploring,

and any enterprising traveller who has a spare month on his hands would find most profitable employment in investigating the entire Natural History of the Isle of Arran; but the Island has a population of its own, and why do not some of those, born and bred on the spot, set to work with a hearty will, resolved to ransack the mountain peaks and rich glens for the birds, the plants and the insects which have there their home?

It is a high authority (Gilbert White) that says, "Men that undertake only one district are much more likely to advance natural knowledge than those that grasp at more than they can possibly be acquainted with. Every kingdom, every province should have its own monographer." And surely if any part of Scotland is worthy of being specially selected for the honour of an elaborate monograph, it is that magnificent Island situated so conveniently at the mouth of the Clyde, and within easy distance of Glasgow.

If no native inhabitant of Arran is sufficiently energetic, and sufficiently imbued with a love of the study of natural history, to accomplish the task I propose for him, why should not an association of lovers of nature be formed in Glasgow, the members of which, by frequently visiting the

mountainous Isle, should eventually obtain an intimate knowledge of all its natural productions.

A good natural history of Arran written by Scotchmen would be a work that every North Briton ought to be proud to possess, and provided it were only well done we should have no hesitation in predicting for it a triumphant success. But alas, if the speculation be a profitable one, we should fear that the desire of gain would induce incompetent persons, anxious to have a share in it, to rush headlong into the subject, and a got-up publication of no scientific interest, and of little value to the general reader, would be the result. "What is worth doing at all is worth doing well," is a maxim which cannot be too earnestly repeated, yet, on the other hand, there is no occasion to abstain from doing any thing for fear of not achieving perfection, "he that would shoot high, must aim at the sun."

Few things are more distressing than to see talents and opportunities neglected, because the possessor of them feels that were he to use them he should not produce some "eighth wonder of the world ;" the desire of distinction is far more general than the desire to be useful ; the object of the powers given to us is that we should do

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something that we *can do*, not that we should pine to do something that we *cannot*.

Since the preceding pages were written my attention has been drawn to a recent work on the natural history of another portion of Scotland—I allude to “The Natural History of Dee-side and Braemar, by the late William Macgillivray, M.D.” Of this work the Athenæum gives the following history :—

“In the year 1850 the late Professor Macgillivray made his final excursion through that portion of Aberdeenshire which forms the district of Dee-side and Braemar. He had, as he informs us, repeatedly traversed the same tract, and now completed in MS. the description of the district, including the characters of its soil and climate, the beauties of its scenery, the statistics of its industrial products, the peculiarities of its geological formation, and the most interesting points of its zoology and botany. Within the limits of this beautiful locality, attractive as it is in all the relations above alluded to, lies the favoured northern retreat of our sovereign, the centre of the Highland sports of her royal consort.

The MS. of the work was only just completed, when the death of the author occurred, and would probably have deprived the world of

an amusing and instructive book, but for a graceful and gracious act of the Queen, who, with the combined motive of benefiting the widow of a worthy man and an accomplished and useful naturalist, and, at the same time, of communicating to every British cultivator of science the results of his labours, purchased the MS., which has now been printed by her Majesty's command, and, to complete the act of royal munificence, copies have been liberally and extensively presented to naturalists personally, and to the public libraries of the nation, by H.R.H. the Prince Consort."

On these grounds the Athenæum says, and says truly, "this work stands single amongst the whole natural-history literature of our country."

The labours of the author have been appreciated and rewarded in an unusual way, but in a mode more likely to cause those at present indifferent to such matters to look with increased respect on the study of natural history, than probably would have been effected by any other manner of signifying the royal approbation.

\* There are many other parts of Scotland to which I would gladly have conveyed my readers, for even the wild scenery of the Caledonian Railway, and the bold coast scenery of the North



British, before it hurries the traveller into the country of the Lammermuir, where one passes over some tempting little woody-thickets in the valley, are well worthy of special attention. For my own part I certainly prefer the coast route to the Caledonian, but tourists generally will do wisely to go by one railway and return by the other.

But I have enlarged as much on the pleasures of scenery in Scotland as the allotted space for that subject will permit, and if any of the residents there find their eyes opened to the enjoyment of new pleasures by the perusal of these pages, I shall be amply repaid; and if any tourist, hesitating as to the direction in which he should make his summer's excursion, will try a pilgrimage to Scotland, he will not require to be advised to revisit it. It is astonishing how unwilling we often are to visit a new locality, and those especially who have never made a long excursion are often extremely loath to set out on their travels. Knowing the comforts of home, and fancying they cannot exist without them, they are unwilling to heave anchor and turn adrift on the sea of adventure; not knowing the pleasures and charms of travelling, they magnify the anticipated discomforts of a tour, just in the same way as we find people dreading to visit the

continent from some vague conception of miseries connected with passports, *douanes* and foreign cookery, all which they discover, when they do venture on the bold experiment of a European tour, to exist only in imagination.

That many who have not yet visited Scotland would vastly enjoy a fortnight there in June, is a matter that I can hardly allow to admit of dispute, and some there must be so happily situated as to be free to go, if they will but determine to do so. But those who set off on their travels will find that it will add vastly to their pleasures, if they set themselves some definite object, not merely travelling first here, then there, with a general desire of seeing every thing, but with a fixed determinate purpose, and whilst in pursuit of that making the best use of their observational faculties that they can.

And those who have hitherto little exercised their powers of observation must not be surprised that they do not speedily become developed: we must have patience; time and practice are necessary to acquire any new art or science—and as there is no royal road to learning, neither is there any short cut to the art of seeing. Make a beginning, remembering that “*Ce n'est que le premier pas qui coute* ;” and doubt not that each repeated attempt will be more successful than its

predecessor, till ultimately, by steady perseverance, the observational faculties will be found developed to a very considerable extent; and for the whole of the remainder of life, whether it be long or short, additional draughts of pleasure will be quaffed,—pleasure to which the unobservant had previously been strangers.

And that is the greatest difficulty we have to contend with, that those who have never tasted these pleasures know not what they lose by the want of them, and therefore it is that they can hardly be persuaded to make the slightest effort to obtain them.

## JUNE AT THE LAKES.

WE took up our quarters at the Salutation, at Ambleside, where, from the windows of our sitting-room, we gazed upon Loughrigg.

The next morning, proceeding some distance up the Patterdale Road, we digressed to the left, and, after clambering over a few stone walls, which bounded the sub-alpine meadows, we arrived at some heathy and boggy ground ; and here we beheld, in all its glory, the bird's eye primrose (*Primula farinosa*). This, as many of my readers must know, is not an every-day sight, and it is one I have never seen since, but the scene is as fresh before me as though it were but yesterday—the boggy ground, with the powdery leaves of this primrose—the pale pink petals of its blossoms. From this elevated position, into which we were led in pursuit of insects, we have an extensive view of Lake Windermere ; it was a glorious day, a mild south-west wind, light clouds hastily crossing the sky overhead, their fleeting shadows giving an amount of animation to the landscape, which, indeed, seemed to vary each instant as we gazed.

There are few things more difficult to ex-

press than the charm of scenery; in some minds the capability of appreciating scenery, however lovely, seems wanting; but even to those who can fully enter into the charm, how difficult it is to express in writing a tenth of the varied emotions which produce the sum total of the pleasure experienced; not having the pen of a Kingsley, I will not attempt to poach upon his manor.

It is a very pleasant walk from Ambleside to Rydal; one follows upwards the course of the stream, and skirts the margin of Rydal Lake; at times the road is overhung with trees, and a little wood, in which the long flowering grasses seemed to indicate that the underwood had been but recently thinned when we visited it, tempted one from the dusty high road to wander amongst its grassy braes, where wild hyacinths were still blooming in profusion.

But there are attractive walks on the other side of the valley from Ambleside, and the beauties of Loughrigg tempt the traveller to a closer inspection of them; it was almost dusk when we sallied out in that direction, and, forcing our way through the dense growth of fern, which clothes much of the sides, we reached the culminating point of this little elevation; the

steeper acclivity, nearest to the Lake, is in the month of June one mass of golden broom, and splendid indeed is the appearance it presents.

But let no one who visits Ambleside, and makes excursions therefrom, fail to visit Conistون; let him start off at an early hour in the morning, and endeavour to arrive at the Waterhead Inn in time for breakfast; his eyes can then be feasting on the lake before him, whilst his palate is regaled with good things of a more substantial nature. It was a bright sunny day when we visited Coniston, and I cannot say to what extent a dull drizzling day may act as a damper on the tourist's enjoyment of the scene, but I fancy the view must always be beautiful. The Inn, too, is placed exactly in the right spot; it is some little distance from the village of Coniston, and just at the head of the Lake.

But before we arrived at the Waterhead Inn, as we were descending the hill to the north of the Lake, the majestic Coniston Old Man (2,577 feet) stood out boldly on our right, and we resolved, as soon as breakfast was dispatched, to stand on its summit and enjoy the magnificent prospect from it. \* \* \* \* \*

It is true we gained the summit; it was a hot

and sultry day, yet there was wind on the top of the Old Man, but the view was obscured by haze, and we saw—nothing.

True type of man's career: we toil and strive to obtain something from which we expect enjoyment; we see a certain set point before us, which we are resolved to reach—we labour, we push, we struggle, perhaps meet with several rebuffs, yet still struggle on, till at length we reach the object for which, for years, we have been striving; we have, perhaps, pictured to ourselves the pleasures of reposing there in placid enjoyment of the position, but the mind which has, for years, been fiercely fighting its onward way is little adapted to enjoy with placid tranquillity. The calm is distasteful to it, after being habituated for so many years to the storm. Happy is he who learns to moderate his expectations of enjoyment from some yet unobtained good, and who learns "to be content with that which he hath."

For, as Paley observes, "to learn the art of contentment is only to learn what happiness actually consists in;" and as few will deny it is in their own power to learn to be contented, it follows, unless there is some flaw in our logic, which I do not perceive, that to learn the secret of happiness is no such difficult matter after all.

I don't mean to say that I philosophized to

this extent whilst standing on the top of Coniston Old Man, for, in the first place, I had not then arrived at such years of discretion; and, in the second place, as soon as we found that there was nothing to see we were in a hurry to descend, and, after some scrambling down amongst some loose slates, arrived at a small tarn (no great distance from the summit), the waters of which seemed, before we reached it, to be as black as ink.

A tarn high up a mountain must always strike the tourist as a curiosity the first time he meets with one; it seems perfectly natural to see a lake in the bottom of a valley, but one feels rather surprised to find one near the top of a hill; and the feeling with which the traveller gazes on its silent waters is not unmixed with awe at the thought that probably it is not often that man stands on its margin gazing into its murky depths. Those depths, too, are probably densely populated; no doubt countless forms of insect life occur there—the water beetles, the water bugs, and other aquatic insects. In spots so seldom visited by the naturalist there must be something new to be discovered, something interesting to be observed.

It is often advocated as one of the advantages of a taste for piscatorial excursions, that it leads



the disciple of Isaac Walton into fine scenery, which otherwise, he would not be induced to visit, and those pursuing moor-game will argue on the humanising effects of their occupation in a similar strain; but the naturalist who knows that the sides and summits of mountains have each their peculiar fauna has a great advantage over the sportsman and the angler, inasmuch as at all seasons of the year he has game to search for, and that it occurs everywhere—from the stagnant marsh of the valley to the bare, stony summit of the mountain.

And it is no slight advantage to find interesting occupation wherever we bend our steps, and to the naturalist the most apparently trivial of circumstances will frequently afford a huge store of delight; some may be disposed to scout as absurd the idea of deriving pleasure from the tiny forms of vegetable life, or from minute insects, conceiving erroneously that great minds should only be pleased with large things—as if the very globe on which we stand were comparatively speaking “a large thing.” Indeed, Professor Macgillivray observes, that “he who measures the orbit of a comet has not, therefore, higher faculties than he who examines the cyto-blast of a fungus; and there is far more to be seen by us in a beetle than in a planet.”

Early in the morning that we quitted Ambleside there was a thunderstorm, attended with a deluge of rain; the weather cleared up a little afterwards, but still it remained dull, with large masses of clouds floating about on the sides of the mountains; and this appearance, common as it is in mountainous countries, is one that must strike every person as interesting and curious the first time he beholds it; but though it gives a variety to the scene, it is not a wished-for state of things when you are travelling in a new country and wish to see, in all their glory, the various mountain peaks. On this occasion it prevented us from seeing Helvellyn, for though on our road northwards we passed at no great distance from his base, the upper portion was completely concealed by the aforesaid clouds.

One good effect produced by the heavy rain we had not calculated on; every little mountain rill was swollen to a torrent, and the numerous little waterfalls scattered over the sides of the hill were white as snow, so that it was some little time before we found out what these white places on the hill side were. In due time we arrived at the turn in the road where the tourist gets his first peep of Derwentwater, and not long afterwards we arrived at Keswick. But how we regretted our change of quarters. Instead of look-

ing out on to a green hill side, as we had done from our sitting-room at Ambleside, here we looked only across the street ; and if we wished to see the country, why we must turn out of the inn and wander beyond the lines of houses. I fear the disappointment was not borne philosophically, and that, instead of making the most of the beauties of the place where we were, we were far too busily engaged in drawing comparisons with the place we had quitted, and "comparisons are odious."

And yet I have no doubt that at that very time all our friends were rather disposed to envy us, stopping in such weather amidst such scenery ; but how frequently is this the case, that one is disposed to envy the position and circumstances of another, little knowing that some secret cause of discontent renders the person whom we deem more highly favoured than ourselves an object rather of compassion than of envy.

It is no uncommon feeling when, amidst some fine scenery, the traveller gazes on a noble mansion, to consider the owner of the house as one vastly to be envied, yet, may be, at the very time the proprietor is a prey to bitter feelings of the impotency of rank and social position to procure him happiness. How often will it happen that the possession of a large estate, and the conse-

quent assumption that its proprietor is wealthy, compel him, unless he be highly blest with determination of character, to increase his expenses beyond the legitimate limits of his income ; and then, how each successive year his position becomes more and more painful, and, as he gets gradually drawn "deeper and deeper still" into the vortex, the difficulty of saying no to any proposed expenditure, however ill he can afford it, becomes greater and greater, and he feels himself hopelessly and irretrievably lost. He cannot bear the idea of retrenching, of letting his friends know that he is less wealthy than they think, and so secretly and silently he endures all the agonies of poverty ; and if, when in this pitiable state, he accepts a trusteeship, or is placed in any position where he is able to speculate with the funds of others, is it strange, that with so little determination of character, and hemmed in such a corner, he should, first warily, try if he cannot regain his position by a little speculation which is sure to succeed ? He tries, and *does* win ; but then grown bolder, he tries a larger stake and loses ; horror of horrors ! the possessor of this fine estate, the fêted and courted of the surrounding neighbourhood, the supposed happiest of the happy, cannot look any one in the face without wondering whether they suspect he

is dishonest. Such pitiable scenes in the interior of large houses are, alas! but too common. Occasionally some exposure takes place in the life-time of the much-to-be-pitied individual; at other times the newspapers are filled with long accounts of the inquest on a suicide!

But the world goes on—no moral is drawn, and others do the same. The evil is—that public attention is drawn only to the climax, the disease is remarked only when in its most aggravated form, and no notice is taken of what may be termed the premonitory symptoms; but any one who is living beyond his income, and I fear this is the normal state of three-fourths of mankind, has already within him the seeds of much misery, which it only requires a peculiar train of circumstances to bring to development.

Then let not those who peer through the palings of a park, assume that because the estate is beautiful its owner is happy; the tourist may make himself wretched by longing for something that belongs to another, but that is no proof that the envied possessor of the richly wooded park is not equally miserable because he covets something that he has not. Perhaps the traveller is disposed to say, "Why, whatever can that man want, that he is not happy?" forgetting that those less favoured than himself may

be applying the very same inquiry to him. It is in our own power to moderate our desires, so as only to wish for such things as we have; and he who has learnt this secret, whether he be a prince or a shoe-black, has learnt the great secret of happiness.

Our stay at Keswick was of short duration, and though we made a pilgrimage to Skiddaw, the weather was not propitious; and as the clouds floated below the summit of the mountain we ascended but a slight distance from the level of the low ground which lies between its base and the Lake. We also visited the margins of the Lake—but, whether owing to the ill-humour already spoken of, or to any real inferiority in the scenery, it made but little impression on me, compared with the beauties of Windermere, and I suspect if I attempted to say anything about it I should do it but scant justice.

## JUNE IN DEVONSHIRE.

**TOURISTS** should visit Devonshire before they go to the Lakes or to Scotland, or they will be disappointed. Devonshire has beauties of its own; but when so much has been written in its praise, the traveller is apt to form exaggerated expectations.

Now-a-days we can breakfast in London and dine at Torquay, but it was not so formerly, and the traveller by railway pays for this convenience by not having those extensive views from the brows of hills which were continually rewarding one for many a weary mile of jolting in the good old days of mail-coach travelling.

Soon after leaving Exeter the railway runs parallel to the course of the Exe, which at high water presents a very respectable appearance; but it is always low water when the train in which you are is going past, and you seem to see so many sandbanks that, unless you are well grounded in your geography, you may be inclined to doubt whether that is really the estuary of the Exe after all. But after passing the Star-cross station, and also a little tongue of sand

which projects a long way into the Exe, just at its mouth, you find that the railway is running parallel to the sea wall of the open sea ; and a curious sight it is, till you get habituated to it, to see the heads of the promenaders just above the top of the parapet, whilst you are being whisked past them at the rate of thirty miles an hour.

After leaving Dawlish, a succession of tunnels varies the monotony of the line, and, after leaving Teignmouth you recede from the sea, and penetrate inland, following upwards the estuary of the Teign, where, of course, it still being low water, you perhaps see a heron busily employed on some piscatorial excursion.

At Newton Abbot you leave the main line, and a branch conducts you to Torquay.

Never having been in Italy I cannot speak on that point from my own experience, but I am assured by one, who has lived long in the southern peninsula, that Torquay is the most Italian-like of all the English watering-places ; and, certainly, when from the heights above Daddy's Hole I looked across the Bay, and gazed on its deep blue waters, the first question I asked myself was, "Can the Bay of Naples be more beautiful ?"

The height of the cliffs, and the depth of the bay, give it a peculiar character, and those who



have once gazed on the scene will not find it easily fade from the memory.

It is true you cannot look across the Bay without thinking of some of the many historical scenes enacted on its waters, and this, no doubt, adds to the interest felt in the scene, so that we cannot pass an opinion on the view simply as a beautiful spot, wild from the hands of nature.

I have not visited this spot many times, but I always found it set me in a contemplative mood. I could not but reflect on the extreme *grandeur* of all beautiful scenes caused by diversities in the configuration of the earth's crust. A mountain or a waterfall is not merely something pretty for a few people to look at; it is a heirloom to all the races of man for all generations. Think of the millions yet unborn who will derive pleasure from gazing on Mont Blanc or Niagara! The productions of the earth, whether animal, vegetable or mineral, appeal only to the sympathies of a few of us, but the outward form of the globe itself is a grander object, and there are few who can look on any extraordinary conformation unmoved.

To those who are of a more dreamy temperament there is something exquisitely refreshing in resting on the short slippery turf, fanned by the soft sea breezes, the wild bee's hum mingling

with the music of the distant waves, and the perfume of the thyme, bruised by the superincumbent weight of the reclining Sybarite, adds yet another to the pleasures of the senses.

But never being an advocate of the *dolce far niente*, I cannot recommend a too long indulgence in such pleasures; whilst there is work to be done we must be up and doing; and there is no lack of work for those who are capable of doing it.

How prettily are situated many of the villas scattered about in the neighbourhood of Torquay; every here and there you come upon one which appears a perfect snuggerly, and which you might be disposed to imagine the perpetual abode of bliss.

But let us leave Torquay and its villas behind us, and sally forth to one of the numerous lanes. A lane in Devonshire is very different from a lane in other parts of the country; and though, no doubt, it has its beauties, it acts as a sad drawback, by preventing you seeing anything of the surrounding country. The high earth-banks on either side are carpeted with flowers—there are the bright blue blossoms of the bird's eye (*Veronica Chamædrys*), the pink flowers and ruddy stems of the Herb Robert (*Geranium*

*Robertianum*), the yellowish spikes and shining leaves of the navelwort (*Cotyledon umbilicus*), and many other less conspicuous plants. The hawthorn blossoms still linger on the hedge that tops the bank, the thrush sings forth his merry note, the chiff-chaff appears never to weary—clouds, so necessary to a full enjoyment of a summer's walk, shielding us from the heat of the sun, and causing a variety in the face of nature it would not otherwise possess. A gleam of sunshine affords more pleasure than one hour's uninterrupted bright sunlight, simply owing to the change it produces.'

Oh! it is pleasant after toiling along a Devonshire lane for several miles, to find, near the summit of the hill, some gate leading into a field, whence you can get a view of the surrounding scenery; and if your position commands an extensive range of view, both of land and sea, the blue waters rippling in the breeze, or showing here and there a few white streaks of foam, and the contrast of the dull red fallow fields, and varied shades of green of the different fields that are in cultivation—there is much to please the eye, much on which it can feast with evident satisfaction.

But how much are these pleasures increased to the naturalist! to him the note of each bird,

the growth of each plant, and the movements of each insect, are full of interest.

That much pleasure is derivable from a collective view of objects, without analyzing the different parts that make up the whole, is perfectly true; but a thorough knowledge of the parts does not lessen our enjoyment of the whole, whereas it enables us to derive, from a consideration of individual parts, an amount of pleasure and enjoyment that to the uninitiated must appear visionary. We are always apt to despise pleasures we have not learnt to appreciate.

The amount of pleasure which may be derived through life by an initiation in childhood into the mysteries of natural history, is more than we are justified in withholding from those whose education devolves upon us. Unfortunately it too frequently happens that those who ought to instil this love of nature are, themselves, ignorant of such matters; their own education has been neglected, although they know it not.

The following extract from a letter in the Athenæum of February 16th, 1856, dated "Surrey," calls attention to the same point:

"A letter in the Times, suggested by a recent case of poisoning by the roots of the common monkshood or wolfs-bane, mistaken for horse-radish, induces me to call the attention of those

who have the direction of our village schools to the deplorable ignorance in which country children grow up of the natural objects by which they are surrounded. Very few of the boys in this part of the country know the names of the commonest way-side flowers and shrubs ; still less have they the least idea of their properties. I have repeatedly tried the experiment of asking boys to bring me such or such a hedge-flower—hardly ever with success. A Dorsetshire lad of nineteen, who had actually served as a gardener (!), did not know a fern or a foxglove ; I do not mean only by those names, but he could put no local or vernacular name to them whatever. As to observing in what soils they grow respectively, or any of their more obvious peculiarities, it is a thing not to be thought of.

“ Why is this ? Surely nothing could be more easy, more salutary, more refreshing and invigorating to mind and body, than to devote one afternoon in the week (at least) to a walk with the schoolmaster, whose agreeable task it would be to point out at every step the infinite wonders by which the happy dwellers in the fields (*fortunati nimium* !) are surrounded, and with which they ought to be familiar. It is enough that tens of thousands of poor children *must* grow up in the close streets and lanes of our huge pri-

son-cities, debarred from intercourse with God through his works. Why is the marvellous variety and significance of these wayside books not explained in an easy and attractive manner to those before whose eyes they lie ever open?

“Why, again, are not the labours and the habits of insects shown to them? They might learn to regard these little beings as something more than subjects of ingenious cruelty. They might be made to distinguish our allies from our enemies—not by words parroted out of books, but by watching the little creatures at their work. Even with regard to the more attractive race of birds, we find the same stolid ignorance and indifference to everything but the pleasure of destruction. Formerly this was nearly confined to bird’s-nesting. Now that every boy may carry a gun, if he can get one, nothing less than the extermination of these charming creatures, lovely alike to eye and ear, is to be apprehended. In the village from which I write, seven years have almost unpeopled our woods and heaths. The groups of herons wheeling round and round in the blue expanse, the chattering jays, the many-voiced and many-plumed songsters, are nearly gone; the squirrels, hunted from tree to tree with stones, have retreated before their stupid and

cruel persecutors. The country is losing its life and its charms.

“The answer to my suggestion, no doubt, will be, the impossibility of finding masters who can read to their pupils their first lessons in the book of nature. I quite believe it;—excepting for such trifles as the command of armies and fleets, or the government and administration of nations, for which fit men are notoriously forthcoming at any moment, fit men, for any business requiring intelligence, knowledge and zeal, are really by no means abundant. But as all things have a beginning, perhaps Lord Ashburton, or some other noble patron of ‘common things,’ would put us in the way of having these commonest of things expounded to our peasant children. I have seen too many failures to be sanguine. The potency of vicious inclinations, and the mass of stupidity in human beings, seem to defy the feeble efforts of educators and reformers; but yet the voice of nature is so sweet and so powerful, that it may not be romantic to hope that it would here and there sink into a young soul and save it from grovelling pollution. At any rate, it might be worth while to try, by way of novelty, whether she does not speak a language more intelligible and more persuasive to infant hearts than the

dogmas and formulæ they are taught to gabble over with so little edification to themselves or others."

On the same subject I cannot resist quoting the words of the Reverend Joseph Greene, who wrote to me as follows, last December :

"I have often thought what an advantage it would be, especially in agricultural districts, if the scholars in the daily and Sunday schools were taught at least the rudiments of natural history. In winter and summer, during the entire day, they are in the woods and fields, yet the wonders and the beauties of creation are alike unnoticed or disregarded. This is true both of boys and men. Am I not justified in thinking that an acquaintance, however slight, with some order or branch of natural history, would not only prove an *amusement* to them, but tend to elevate their thoughts to the Creator, and increase their intellectual powers ? How urgently an improvement in these two latter points is needed those only can understand who have mixed much with them ; nor should I omit to mention that such a pursuit, by *employing their spare time*, is well calculated to keep men from immorality and intemperance."

That, in the minds of many of the present day there is an earnest desire to increase the number



of students of the various branches of natural history, is a fact which admits not of dispute, but it is quite compatible to conjoin with an intense desire to effect some wished-for good, an utter ignorance of the best mode of accomplishing it.

It is not by the production of natural-history-made-easy compilations, by those ignorant of the subject, that the matter can be rendered simple and intelligible to the meanest capacities. To simplify a subject the writer must have himself a thorough (I had almost said intense) knowledge of the subject; and, further, he must mingle with the working-classes and with children—he must learn how they think and feel before he can understand how to adapt his writing to their comprehensions.

In the books one continually sees put in the hands of children, how much there is utterly reprehensible in both these respects. They are either written by those who have a knowledge of the subject, but have not learned how to address children, or else by those who are, indeed, versed in the last-named part of the author's duties, but who are, unfortunately, themselves ignorant of the subject-matter on which they treat, "understanding not what they say, nor whereof they affirm."

The north of Devonshire is, to my fancy, pleasanter than the south ; I am a warm-blooded individual, and I like not the warm, relaxing climate of Torquay and Dawlish: the more bracing air of Bideford feels more healthful ; it invigorates, while the climate of the south rather depresses.

Another reason why I took a fancy to Bideford—it reminded me in many respects of Dunoon, not the town, of course, nor the river, but the outlines of the hilly ground, the growth of many plants, the stone walls combined with a luxuriant vegetation.

I had often heard of Northam Burrows, and the far-famed pebble ridge, though I knew not then that the author of “ Westward Ho ! ” had rendered it classic ground.

Northam Church stands on a moderate elevation, from thence you rapidly descend by a wide lane, with broad patches of grass on either side, bounded by hedges of hawthorn, sloe, bramble, oak and honeysuckle, and in about half-a-mile you arrive at the commencement of the Burrows, an extensive flat of sand, little above high-water mark, but screened from the blasts of the sea by sand hills and the aforesaid pebble ridge, and carpeted with such a soft turf, no velvet-pile carpet could be softer ; and though

the growth be kept short by the number of cattle pastured there, still there is a goodly variety of flowers—the yellow bedstraw (*Galium verum*), the milkwort (*Polygala vulgaris*), the eye-bright (*Euphrasia officinalis*), always a favourite flower of mine, the yellow tormentil (*Tormentilla officinalis*), our old friend, which seemed to smile a welcome at us on the top of the hill above Dunoon, with many others of less note, tend to ornament the sward; forming, as it were, the coloured pattern of the green velvet carpet across which we have to walk for some distance (I believe it is little short of a mile) before we reach the sand hills towards the sea.

Arrived at the Sand Hills, we cannot help being struck with their singular conformation; the surface of the ground is covered over with circular or oval ridges of variable extent, sometimes enclosing space enough for a picnic party of a dozen, at other times with a central elevation. On the sides of these ridges the sea-spurge (*Euphorbia Paralias*) grows very freely, and it was here that, in former times, a rare moth, *Deilephila Euphorbiæ*, used to be met with; its caterpillar a conspicuous *black gentleman*, horned and speckled with crimson, being extremely partial to the young shoots and seeds of the sea spurge. The moth is on the wing in June and

July, but the caterpillars do not show themselves till the middle of August and beginning of September; the boys at the grammar-school at Bideford no doubt often amuse themselves in hunting for them—or, if they don't, perhaps they may yet learn to do so.

For boys are prone to imitation, and if they see their master take an interest in these little things, no doubt they will soon learn to do the same; whereas if he were to read them a dry lecture on "The Pleasures, Objects and Advantages of Natural History," and yet show by his whole demeanour that the book he wished them to read had no charms for him, his precepts not being backed by his example would be but of little avail. Boys have more quickness of observation, and see through the foibles of their masters more readily, than we are perhaps disposed to credit.

In the middle of June these sandhills must teem with a great variety of insect life, and though, perhaps, they may not be as prolific as Dawlish Warren, not rejoicing in so varied a vegetation, yet there must be plenty to occupy the half-holidays of a whole generation of Bideford schoolboys if they were but disposed in that direction.

But we have spent some time in the midst of

these sand hills, and the little blue butterflies have been our companions, flying in and about the while; the roar of the Atlantic, wasting its sullen fury on the pebble-ridge, has made a sweetly monotonous, yet ever-varying music (for no two waves in breaking produce exactly the same sound), and we will retrace our steps across the open expanse of green turf; but now that, in the afternoon, the sun has shone out so brightly, see how numerous are the Burnet sphinxes here, more especially amongst those tall clumps of rushes (through which, trying a short cut after dusk one evening last autumn, I had some difficulty in forcing my way). This is the same insect we noticed on the hillside at Kilmun, its dark green wings with red spots, and its heavy booming flight. Where they occur as plentifully as is the case here, they form, on a sunny midsummer afternoon, quite a feature of the landscape.

Many who wander on those burrows will, after reading these lines, remark them, yet they never noticed them before; still they were there—but those who walked there had not the eyes of the understanding opened, and it is nothing new to find that people do not and cannot see that which is straight before them, till another person has called their attention to it.

But leaving Bideford and Northam Burrows, a very pleasant excursion may be made to Clovelly, where the small fishing-village is built on the steep slope of the cliff, looking almost as if the whole place had been wrecked from some large ship, and had cleverly contrived to scramble on shore and clamber up the rocks just beyond high-water mark, but had never been able to get up to the top of the cliffs and so on to real habitable dry land. Surely if we have anywhere a good similitude of Mahomet's coffin it is Clovelly, perched half-cliff high on the western coast of Devonshire. The country in the immediate neighbourhood is very pretty, and as you pass through the grounds of Sir Hamlyn Williams, here you have it well wooded, there is a broad grassy glade where the deer love to roam, yonder is a hillock purple with heather, then, every now and then, a turn in the road brings you in sight of the almost perpendicular cliffs, with the deep blue of the sea, edged with a narrow border of white foam, at their base. A mixture of richly wooded and sea-side scenery is always pleasing, because it is not often that we find the two combined. The sea view here is of considerable extent, Clovelly being situated in the midst of a semi-circular sweep from Hartland Point on the south to Baggy Point on the north.

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Before taking leave of Devonshire I think I must conduct my readers to Chudleigh, though I fear it is not a locality generally visited, being out of the line of railway; indeed, to get to it you have to quit the railway at Exeter, and then take the turnpike road over Haldon. The road, after leaving the valley of the Exe, gradually ascends, till at length the tourist attains such an elevation that, on a clear day, he has a most magnificent view of the country on the other side of the Exe, the fields of various colours, all laid out as though on a plan; here a grass-field, there a fallow-field; here a field of beans, there a field of wheat, yellow with the blossoms of the wild mustard; and then, after the eye has enjoyed the pleasures of the scene, we reach High Haldon, and a fresh bracing breeze comes to us over the blooming heather, causing a more healthful flow in every pulse; and thence, pursuing our way beyond the heath, we arrive at the comfortable little town of Chudleigh.

Chudleigh is famous for its rocks; it is not on the sea shore, but inland; and rocks inland are always more thought of than rocks on the coast. The rocks at Chudleigh stand nearly perpendicularly near the margin of a small stream, the banks of which are densely clothed with the large green leaves of the butter bur (*Petasites*

*vulgaris*); between the rocks and the stream a slender winding path leads to the lower level, and from the upper level a pleasant *coup d'œil* of the *low-country* is obtained.

Alternating between the rocks and the stream I have spent several days in June, and on one occasion was cajoled out of a fourpenny piece in a mode that deserves being recorded.

It was one afternoon that I was walking up and down the banks of the little stream looking for a peculiar insect, when I found a companion close beside me, who, after watching me for some time, perhaps with the view of ascertaining whether I were *compos mentis* or not—for entomologists are not always reckoned as perfectly sane; he, however, appears to have come to a satisfactory conclusion, and commenced the conversation by asking me the way to some place of which I had never heard; I replied that I was a perfect stranger, and then I made the discovery that he was an Irish beggar! I endeavoured to assure him that it was no use his trying to get anything out of me because I never gave to beggars; however, my friend had evidently learnt the virtues of perseverance, and so, after trying in vain to get him persuaded that I was perfectly impenetrable to his entreaties, and as he would not go away, and I had no intention of



leaving the place where I was, I went on with my sport, he following me like an attendant satellite, and gradually we got into conversation, and I asked him what made him come to me on his begging expedition. He said he was passing through the field, in which was a public foot-path, and seeing me by myself he thought he would try his powers of persuasion upon me, for, said he, "if I go to a great house and ask to see the masther, sure they tell me he's busy, and I can't see him, and perhaps the next house I go to they tell me that they're very sorry for me, but they can do nothing for me; now I know they're not sorry for me, and going from house to house and hearing such lies it gives one such a bad idea of human nature." So, after this clever philosophising remark I gave him a four-penny piece, for which he overpowered me with thanks, and took himself off with the parting benediction of "May ye live to be converted, and die in the true faith!"

## JUNE IN SUSSEX.

TUNBRIDGE WELLS is a very pleasant place to stop at in summer time; if you have any appreciation of the country you cannot but enjoy the varied surface of the ground; up this hill and down that; over this common and through that wood; then, for the lovers of the picturesque, there is the Toad Rock on Rust Hall Common.

Then you can diversify the day's occupation by a pilgrimage to drink the celebrated waters, *a glass of which should always be drunk an hour before breakfast.* I have great faith in these waters, for I deem any spell potent enough to draw a quasi-invalid from his or her bed for a two hours' walk before breakfast must contribute to health; and if, after drinking the *quantum suff.* of the stone-cold water, you take a turn up the Frant Road, where the hedges are luxuriant with bramble-blossoms, you will, by the time you reach Frant, be in a sufficiently exhilarated state heartily to enjoy the beauties of the morning. Close to you lies Eridge Park, with its extensive woods of oaks and fir trees, in which

the rooks are now singing their morning song ; opposite to you is Mount Ephraim, on the top of Tunbridge Wells Common, and over towards Pembury you see a variety of wooded and cultivated land.

But if, instead of returning to Tunbridge Wells, you should feel inclined to stroll further along the road, you will find it a pretty country on both sides of you for miles ; and now that we have quitted the railroad, and got on to an old turnpike road again, we find all the pleasures of it, how it runs on the crest of the hill, enabling the traveller to have extensive views of the valleys on either side, and the rising grounds beyond. It is not a well-cultivated country, the soil is comparatively poor, and wood is one of the most remunerative crops ; hence a large proportion of the Sussex soil is covered with woods—here a large wood, there a small wood ; here an old wood, there a young wood growing up ; and long may this remain the normal appearance of the county of Sussex. I don't wish to see it one uniform grass down—that would be rather monotonous, but I hope they will never invent such improvements in farming as to turn the whole surface of the county into superior arable land.

If I am not mistaken, the ordinary termination of the names of Sussex villages—*hurst*—is de-

rived from a Saxon word signifying "wood." How largely it enters into the nomenclature of topography in Sussex, any one who has been through Wadhurst, Ticehurst and Hurst Green, and has seen the signposts pointing to Lamberhurst, Goudhurst and Hawkhurst, must be well aware; and some four miles from Frant we come to the first named of these places—Wadhurst.

This was, but a few years ago, a most out of the way spot to get to, but now you can take your ticket at London Bridge for the Wadhurst Station. However, I believe the rage for building suburban villas has not yet extended to that distance, though our forefathers never expected that Reigate and Tunbridge Wells would become the habitual residences of busy sons of commerce engaged each day in the heart of London, but yet spending their mornings and evenings in such pleasurable localities.

From Wadhurst the road leads to Ticehurst, where I once met with a gentleman who complained how terribly he had been bored by having to stop there some months at the inn with a broken leg. I forget now how the accident arose, but I well remember he spoke of the place with some bitterness, mentioning it as a sort of prison from which he had been delighted to make his escape. Yet if one had to be an invalid for

some time, I can hardly fancy a more pleasant spot at which to be taken ill—if the patient is fond of scenery. It would probably be difficult to place his bed anywhere, where he should be unable to have an extensive view of fields and woods, and to watch these day after day, week after week, the changing hues of the foliage of the trees, the varying aspects of the scene on wet days and sunny ones—and the hop-gardens, to watch the young shoots creeping up the poles, to see them bursting into blossom and ripening, and then the busy scene of the hop-gathering, when so many of the poorest of London leave their haunts in Saint Giles' for one month's pure air in the country—can the patient watch all these things, enjoying at the same time that peculiar pleasurable sensation which we all experience as we recover from an illness, without a feeling of thankfulness that if one has to be ill Ticehurst is as pleasant a spot for such a trial of our patience as any other we can find.

After leaving Ticehurst, if the traveller is still disposed to go south, he will find a good level road, running exactly on the ridge of the ground; and, after passing a little bit of old park paling, behind which some evergreens are growing luxuriantly, indicating vicinity to some mansion, you may see a white gate on the right-hand side,

through which the curious may like to peep and try and fancy what sort of a place there is beyond. I am very fond of looking through gateways, especially if the gates are kept locked, for then the fact of one's being excluded makes one fancy there must be something especially worth looking at.

If the traveller has time to spare, I would strongly advise him to make a *détour*, and, instead of going straight on to Hurst Green, to deviate to the east and take the road to Hawkhurst; the sandy soil is very agreeable walking, unless it be very wet weather, when it becomes rather slippery, but in summer time that will rarely be the case, and a pedestrian may luxuriate in this part of the country to his heart's content.

In the bottoms of many of the valleys will be found small streams (in which are trout); these are some of the tributaries of the Rother, which in heavy rains floods much of the low land lying to the north of Robertsbridge. Let us turn into this meadow, still gay with the flowers of the marsh marigold (*Caltha palustris*), and, wandering on till we come to where it skirts a little wood, repose awhile, and, while listening to the merry songsters of the little thicket, the humming of bees and the murmur of the little streamlet, let us note the varied vegetation of the grassy-

bank. Here, the golden broom, with all its rank luxuriance of blossom, seems to challenge us to produce a garden plant more beautiful; there, the bank is blue with speedwell (*Veronica Chamædrys*), a more modest plant, but of which the flower is pleasantly intertwined with our earliest recollections of summer time in the days of our childhood, when the days were far longer than ever they are now, and when the pleasure was to gather a nosegay of wild flowers, little caring what became of them afterwards. Perhaps some can recall those days, and can remember how their older companions, though not sharing in their childish glee, were yet pleased to see them pleased; and will not this reflection, rightly used, lead us to perceive that by being pleased then we were the cause of pleasure to others, and that so it must be now; and that when we enjoy any pleasures given to us, He who gave them is pleased at our enjoyment of them? I have no patience with those who advocate ascetism and gloom: everything not pleasant at the time will be found by experience but a step to greater pleasure afterwards, and hence evil is permitted as a means (why or wherefore we know not, nor should we inquire) of obtaining greater good than could otherwise have been arrived at.

Here, too, on this grassy bank, several of the

insect tribes have their habitations ; more than one species of wild bee is at work by our side, and, nearer the hedge-bank leading to the wood, are several colonies of ants — colonies more wondrous than those unskilled in ant-lore could possibly imagine, for, besides the regular inhabitants, there are sundry visitors in the nest, some of them, whether they came *bon gré* or not, are yet detained, as Abd-el-Kader was, for grave reasons of state. Unfortunately, so ignorant are we in the present day (1856) of the habits and economy of ants, that we know not what is the nature of these state-reasons which induce certain ants to keep certain beetles prisoners in their nests ; yet we talk of “blind as a beetle,” and never suspect that perhaps the Coleopterous fraternity might, with better reason, retort, “Marvellously short-sighted, as a man.”

And overhead, sporting amongst the branches of the young oaks, are curious groups of green and black moths (*Adela viridella*), with long antennæ, which, as they stream behind them in their mazy flight, give them a singularly elegant appearance ; how, in their up and down flight, they remind one of those swarms of gnats we see so frequently on a summer's evening ! Yet of these insects, common as they are in every oak wood, we have much to learn—but, as Mr. Smith



says of his own special branch: "Time and united observation will one day complete the history of" insects.

Nothing is more unfounded than the notion that many people have, that everything is already known about insects; and whenever I am asked by such an *ignoramus* to tell him which is the book where he will find everything about the insect tribe, I feel strongly tempted to tell him that that book is not yet written, and that if he wants occupation he had better write it himself. It is singular that while one portion of mankind are puzzled what to do to give them occupation for their time, another portion labour under a sensation of being almost overpowered with the work they have to do, and are striving in all directions to enlist others to come to their assistance.

Hastings is a place much visited at all seasons of the year, and is now easily accessible by railway either from Tunbridge Wells, Brighton or Ashford. Perhaps some of my readers have never been there; if so, and they wish to get an idea of the town and its situation, they must conceive two hills—one large and continuous, on the east side of the town, called East Hill, the other smaller and isolated, on the western side, called

West Hill or the Castle Hill, for on it stand the ruins of an old castle. The town is built at the bottom, and on the sides of the ravine, between the two hills (the houses rising one above another like a lot of charity girls in an organ loft), and between the Castle Hill and the sea, and round it on its western side, where the flat country is covered by the new street called Robertson Street, whence a continuous row of houses extends westward for a couple of miles between the cliffs and the sea, the further end of this row of habitations being dignified by the title of St. Leonard's. If you stand on the Castle Hill you get a very good conception of the extent of Hastings, and its relation to the surrounding country, which is prettily undulated; but if you want a more extensive view of the neighbouring country, you must by all means go to Fairlight, whence a most extensive view over the country lying between Hastings and Dungeness may be enjoyed. Here you have a very similar panoramic view of fields, and fields, and fields, which you have from the top of Haldon, looking across the Exe; but here, instead of the tidal river, one corner of the picture is filled up by the sea itself.

To stand on this spot on a calm summer's evening, when the air around is redolent of the newly-cut hay, to look over that extent of thinly-

populated country, and to see the twilight creeping insensibly over the scene, obliterating first one feature here, then one there (as a portrait painter, who cannot satisfy himself with a likeness on which he is trying his skill, will rub out first an eye and then a nose), till the Eastern horizon becomes tinged with the effulgence of the rising moon, is very pleasant; and as we retrace our steps, while the moon creeps low down in the southern sky, its beams reflected in the watery expanse, who will not find with Evangeline that

“The calm and the magical moonlight  
Seems to inundate the soul with indefinable longings?”

For those who visit Hastings, and want a level walk without the trouble of going up and down hill—those who, perhaps, think there are enough of ups and downs in life without their going out of the way to get more—there is the parade all the way to St. Leonard's; and if they like to penetrate beyond the rows of houses, and see a little of the open country, there is the road to Bexhill—for till just as you arrive at that village the road keeps perfectly level, and on either side of you there are only moist meadows, liable at high tides to be flooded, and producing, as the best proof of the luxuriance of their vegetation, abundant crops of rushes. From this level plain

Bexhill, with the little spire of its church, stands out like an oasis in the desert ; and thence westward the country is more undulated.

Here you may stand and gaze on the level country through which you have passed, or, looking to the south, you see the open sea, and to the west is the projecting high-ground of Beachy Head. The tourist who has time to spare would do well to visit this latter place, but never having been there I cannot play the part of a guide to him, and am, therefore, more disposed to conduct my readers to Brighton, not the town, but the neighbouring downs, where the race-course is.

Here there are a few stunted furze-bushes growing among the short turf which forms so essential a peculiarity of the chalk-downs ; yet a few short and rather inconspicuous plants cannot but claim a share of our regards as we traverse the soft, breezy down, our ears regaled with the carols of the numerous larks. And, first, our attention is called to the milk-wort (*Polygala vulgaris*). It is a pretty little flower : here is a patch of it, where all the flowers are of a bright blue—there you see a little tuft of a delicate pink colour, and here the flowers again are of a pure white ; yet all are but varieties of one and the same species. Why they should occur of these three different colours is not known. In many

localities one colour prevails almost to the exclusion of the others; in some localities all the three grow amicably together in nearly equal proportions. Here too grows that modest little flower the eye-bright (*Euphrasia officinalis*), with its semi-rigid stems, short leaves and its small white flowers, tinged with yellow at the bottom of the corolla, and streaked with purple. There is much of poetry in this little flower.

“Wondrous truths, and manifold as wondrous,  
God has written in those stars above;  
But not less in the bright flowerets under us  
Stands the revelation of his love.

“Bright and glorious is that revelation  
Written all over this great world of ours;  
Making evident our own creation  
In these stars of earth—these golden flowers.

• • • • •

“In all places, then, and in all seasons,  
Flowers expand their light and soul-like wings,  
Teaching us by most persuasive reasons,  
How akin they are to human beings.

“And with child-like, credulous affection,  
We behold their tender buds expand;  
Emblems of our own great resurrection—  
Emblems of the bright and better land.”

LONGFELLOW.

# J U N E

## IN THE

### NEIGHBOURHOOD OF LONDON.

To a large proportion of the two millions of inhabitants of London it matters little that there are fine things to be seen in Scotland, at the Lakes, or in Devonshire, for they have never been there, and are not likely to go there. Many visit Hampton Court who have never been to Holyrood, and Gravesend is visited by thousands who have never been to Greenock, and have, perhaps, no clear conception where it is.

It is always tantalising to read glowing descriptions of something we have never seen, and though at times such descriptions are read by persons in whose hearts they vibrate a chord which carries them, sooner or later, to visit the much-loved spot, yet, with the many, descriptions are only interesting to us in proportion as we know the scenes and objects described; then, they recall to our minds our own impressions when we visited the same places, and with that recollection comes,

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more or less vividly, all the pleasures which we had met with there.

Hence books of travels are far more interesting to those who have travelled in the same or similar countries than to those who have always stayed at home, although the latter might be assumed to be better pleased by obtaining information concerning matters on which at present they are ignorant. But much of what they read is unintelligible to those who have had no experience of the objects treated of, because "the eyes of the understanding" have not been opened.

London itself on a bright day in June is seen to the best advantage; the smoke (the curse of London) is then at its minimum; the bright cheering aspect of all nature penetrates even into town; the trees in all the squares are at their greenest; the parks are green under foot (not burnt up as they may be in August) and green overhead, and the feathered songsters give further animation to the scene. At the same time London is not empty, the busiest season of the legislature and the fashionable world is now on, trade is brisk, and all sorts of exhibitions are thronged by pleasure-hunters. Granted that London is not so pleasant in June as the country, yet Lon-

don in June is more enjoyable than in any other month in the year.

Richmond will always be a favourite place of resort for "Cockneys," wishing to emerge but for a few hours from the smoke of London: the river there is not the same river we have in London. Geographers may prove to us mathematically that it *is* and *must be* the same, but those gifted with eyesight and the sense of smell will not be so easily imposed upon as to believe that clear water and a brown liquid like weak gravy-soup are the same thing.

Of course each visitor to Richmond ascends the hill, takes a few turns on the terrace, and then, entering the park, proceeds along that path where an aged oak bears a quotation from Thomson's Seasons.

How many, many thousands have stood on that spot, looking over the vast sea of trees below, and watching the serpentine course of the river flowing round Twickenham meadows. There is something perfectly overwhelming in the reflection, that where we are standing so many have stood before; at what we are looking so many have looked before, yet with what varied emotions! How few, if each were to write down the thoughts that filled his soul as he gazed on



the leafy expanse below, would be found to have formed the same ideas. Yet the graver, more reflecting portion of those who stand upon this spot, probably think more frequently of one idea than of any other—that more than a hundred years ago people came from London to gaze on that view as they do now, that each one felt for the time some yearnings of his better self as he drank in with his eyes the rich and varied aspect of nature, yet how did each profit by these emotions, and where is each now? The question is not unimportant, because it admits of a direct application to ourselves. Many there are who *wish* to improve: let each one who has visited Richmond Hill reflect on the constancy, or otherwise, of the feelings which that lovely scene called forth within him; and when he again revisits the place, and stands beneath the “Seasons” tree, let him note to what extent he has improved himself since his last visit there.

But away, let us hasten down the hill, and over the bridge, and thence past Twickenham to Bushy Park; but we are rather too late to see this in its glory, we should have been here a week or ten days ago to have seen the horse-chestnuts in full blossom—the whole length of that magnificent avenue all in a blaze of life and light at once. In cold and backward seasons it will

happen that this will be a *June* sight, and so loath am I to pass through Bushy Park without calling attention to the most beautiful feature of the landscape, that though I don't anticipate the bloom of the horse-chestnuts will be a sight for June this year, as the season promises to be so early, yet I feel constrained to mention them. For who dare place too much reliance on the promises of early spring? How often do we not see the fairest promises unfulfilled, our best hopes blighted, and our most sanguine (and, as we thought, not unreasonable) expectations overthrown.

"Blessed is he who expecteth nothing, for he shall not be disappointed," is a true saying, which none can learn too soon—for by learning it, and learning therefrom to be patient and contented, do we not learn the great secret of happiness, and though—

"Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,  
Is our destined end or way;  
But to act, that each to-morrow  
Finds us farther than to-day:"

yet the heart that is happy, the mind which is at ease, will find that it possesses greater powers of *acting* than were it otherwise; and it is as much our duty to preserve this even serenity of the inner man, as it is to keep the body in health.

Hampstead lies but semi-detached, as one may say, from London itself, yet is the Heath a fine place for a summer stroll, and in some of the wilder places you may fancy yourself much more remote from the great metropolis than is really the case. It lies high, the ground is pleasantly undulated, the soil sandy, and a good admixture of furze and broom tend, by their golden blossoms, to enliven the scene, while at the same time they furnish food to a great variety of insects—some eating the buds, some the blossoms, some the seeds, and some the bark. For insects do not confine their ravages to the leaves, as many might be disposed to imagine, but every part of a plant is assigned to some particular insects, and the root-feeder continues his dainty meal, no doubt conceiving that the plant was created for his sole pleasure, whilst at the very same time those which feed on the leaves and buds are doubtless of opinion that it is specially for their use that the plant exists; each insect conceiving itself to be the centre of creation.

The sandy banks in many parts of Hampstead Heath are much patronized by the various tribes of wild bees; and here they may be seen busily labouring, collecting pollen and honey for their future offspring; but sometimes we find that the labours of the parent bee are feloniously appro-

priated by a parasitic race who toil not themselves, but meanly take advantage of the half-formed store of the more industrious species of bees, and, while the parent is absent, enter the cell and deposit their egg within, on which the busy parent, on returning, detects at a glance that tares have been sown where she would have sown wheat; and though, no doubt, her tiny bosom heaves with indignation at the thought that she should so have to toil, apparently with no other object than to maintain others in idleness, yet, with the true instinct of her race, she wastes no time in idle repinings, but proceeds to form a fresh cell, humming to herself cheerfully the while, and then continues her pollen-collecting labours till she has at last obtained a *quantum sufficit* for the food of her future offspring; then she carefully deposits her egg and proceeds to form another cell, with all the necessarily contingent operations.

From this we cannot fail to deduce the moral, not to be disheartened, or to give up anything in disgust, because we do not succeed the first time; each time we fail there is a cause for our failure, and we should, therefore, endeavour to discover what it is, in order that it may not serve us as a stumbling-block again; and the oftener we fail, and the more causes of failure we learn,

step by step, to avoid, the greater chance there will be of our ultimately succeeding ; so

“ Let us, then, be up and doing,  
With a heart for any fate ;  
Still achieving, still pursuing,  
Learn to labour and to wait.”

Gravesend is a semi-marine sort of a place, and the pleasantest way of getting there is by water ; you may start either from London Bridge or Blackwall ; from the last-named starting-point you have the advantage of starting with country scenery on both sides of you, and the corn fields of Essex and woods of Kent gleam cheerily in the sunshine ; the wooded height of Shooters' Hill is soon passed as the steamer proceeds on her way, leaving behind her a whitish wake in the water and a black line of smoke in the air to show the course which she has pursued. You can hardly take a trip to Gravesend on a summer's day without noticing on board the boat one or more artisans, with their wives and families, going out for a day's holiday to enjoy the fresh country air ; you can tell them at a glance, you see them dressed in their best, and so brimful of enjoyment at the fact of the long looked-for day being at last come, and the weather being all that they could wish. The little children are de-

lighted, and the parents are pleased because the children are pleased; perhaps you will hear an elder child, who recollects the similar excursion she had the previous summer, telling her younger sister of all the sights which they have to expect, and every now and then you hear the anxious inquiry, "Mother, when shall we be at Gravesend?" Perhaps one of the children is pale and sickly, and the parents hope much from the purer air inhaled during that bright summer day to restore the roses to its cheeks; and how the healthy brothers and sisters try in various ways to amuse the little invalid, who looks with but a languid eye to the varied objects which their loud and hearty ejaculations call to the attention of the sick one!

Then, after arriving at Gravesend, you pass through the town and stroll into the country beyond, up some of the narrow lanes, coming every now and then to an old chalk-pit. These chalk roads are apt in summer to be very dusty, and the hedges and herbage on the banks get quite a whitish coat sprinkled over them, from which it is only during long continued wet weather they get tolerably free; but here we have come to a corn field, gay with scarlet poppies, and here and there you see the tall and stately corn-cockle (*Agrostemna githago*); the wheat

is fast shooting into ear ; through the field runs a path-way, and along the edges of the path you will find the little field scorpion-grass (*Myosotis arvensis*), smaller and less brilliant than the true forget-me-not, but still grateful to the eye, and these yellow flowers are the corn crowfoot (*Ranunculus arvensis*), which we are always sure to find in cornfields, and here is a colony of ants busy at work !

Ants are very interesting little creatures, and it seems a pity that they are so small, because their littleness renders it so difficult to watch the movements of the individuals with accuracy and precision ; and, as I have already remarked at page 75, there are many circumstances connected with ant-life which are still much in want of elucidation, and for which the united labours of several patient investigators will be necessary.

Greenwich Park is one great resort of Londoners, when they can contrive for a few hours to escape from the smoke, noise and turmoil of London ; and though the short turf soon gets pretty well burnt up in summer time, the stately elm trees and the chestnut trees afford a pleasant shade, resounding the meanwhile with the merry notes of the feathered tribes ; the undulating nature of the ground, and the abruptness of some

of the elevations, causes increased pleasure to the Rambler.

Perhaps, after strolling for some time in the Park, the visitor emerges on to Blackheath, where he can find many secluded spots, old gravel pits, where the furze and the heather grow, and where, borne on its delicate stem, the hare-bell (*Campanula rotundifolia*) gracefully hangs its head; here, basking in the sun, the nimble lizard may be seen, and various gaily coloured samples of the beetle tribe.

Those who like to see children in a high state of enjoyment may here gratify that wish; for here comes a group of children on donkeys as pleased and as merry as crickets: they had for some time been promised that some fine day they should have a donkey-ride on Blackheath, and now, the skies being propitious, and no domestic arrangements to interfere, here they are in high glee.

But I fear the poor donkeys lead a hard life in our summer time. Often do I meet them in some grassy lane at early morn, busy laying in a good store of breakfast from the redundant vegetation of the hedge banks, whilst their conductor the meanwhile cuts down grass, and fills a large bag therewith to serve as provender for the remainder of the day. I wonder if the donkeys



know when it is a fine, bright morning that they will be harder worked than if it were a dull and drizzling day.

From Blackheath some may be disposed to wander onwards to Shooters' Hill, whence a fine prospect may be obtained of the surrounding country.

The Crystal Palace deserves to be specially mentioned here, because of the splendid country view which can be enjoyed from it, and it will probably be better known to the larger number of my readers than any other locality that I have alluded to in the foregoing pages.

The view from the terrace of the Crystal Palace is one of the most beautiful, most extensive and most thoroughly English to be seen in the immediate vicinity of London; we have turned our back on the mass of brick and mortar of the present age, and, except to our extreme left, where we see the outskirt of Blackheath straggling towards Shooters' Hill, we see no indications of our vicinity to the metropolis; to the left of Shooters' Hill we get a peep (on a clear day) into Essex, seeing the grey outline of some high ground beyond Blackheath; to our right we look into Surrey and Shirley Common, and some of the chalk downs beyond Croydon obstruct

our view in that direction ; but the entire central portion of the picture is filled up by Kent, the garden of England ; and though we look not on many extensive woods, yet the vast amount of hedge-row timber always gives an extensive prospect in Kent the appearance of being well-wooded ; here and there we see a park, with a noble mansion snugly embowered amidst the trees ; and the wood on the top of Shooters' Hill, and the conspicuous clump of beeches at Knockholt, form the two culminating points in the outline of our Kentish prospect. Immediately before us we see the little spire of Beckenham Church ; to the left, almost concealed by the trees, is the less-country-looking tower of Sydenham Church ; whilst a little to the right of Shooters' Hill we see another country spire, that of Eltham Church. The more immediate scene beneath us, the view of the garden, hardly harmonizes with the distant prospect ; the country round speaks to us the voice of nature, but the garden, with its trim lawns, beds of exotic plants, terraces, basins and fountains, speaks to us of art ; it is, indeed, a gem of what art can do, but still it loses by contrast with the natural charms of the surrounding country.

When the band is performing on the terrace, to station one's self on one of the upper balconies,

and alternately to gaze on the wooded country prospect and the gay parterre, swarming with happy human beings, and the ears at the same time regaled with sweet sounds, forms, on a bright June day, a *tout ensemble* reminding one more strongly of some of the scenes of enchantment in the Arabian Nights Entertainments than can be met with anywhere else.

Inside the Palace we have those beautiful suspended baskets of flowers, certainly one of the most ingenious ornaments of the building that could have been conceived, and the light and airy appearance of the little creepers forms a curious contrast to the massive, and, as it were, clumsy-looking growth of the water-plants. Yet the *Victoria Regia* is perfect after its kind; it towers amongst its neighbours like a true giant, and is fairer to look upon than the giant of the African rivers, the Hippopotamus. Yet I never can look upon this leviathan water-lily without a feeling of intense curiosity to know whether there is not some peculiar species of moth, the caterpillar of which eats the leaves of the *Victoria Regia*. Our own native water-lilies serve to nourish a peculiar insect: should not the queen of the upper waters of the Amazons be equally profitably employed? and if so, does the caterpillar which feeds on the *Victoria* exceed in size that

which we find in our streams, as much as the *Victoria* itself surpasses our modest white water-lily?

But leaving the Palace, and going beyond the terraces into the garden, till we reach the abode of the extinct animals, where we find here and there a rustic seat, placed beneath some old oak, which had possession of the soil long before the Crystal Palace had ever been dreamed of—what changes has not that oak witnessed? Why, in 1837 I was here before Penge Common was enclosed, and a rare place it was for wild flowers and insects; intersected by the old Croydon canal, it abounded in such insects as pass a portion of their lives beneath the surface of the waters, and many a chace had I after some of the large dragon flies which flew so swiftly through the glades of the sylvan scene, and here it was that I first made acquaintance with the ringlet butterfly (*Hipparchia Hyperanthus*). I couldn't conceive for some time what those *black* butterflies could be, and then I hurried after some, and got one into my net, and was delighted to find it a novelty, a species I had never seen before. But some of my readers will little care to hear of the doings of a boy of fifteen; so as Penge Common no longer exists, and the old oak, as it moans in the breeze and murmurs to the

upstart rhododendrons around him of the strange things he had seen there in his youth, is perhaps hardly listened to by the flowering shrubs with the deference which he thinks due to his age—we will revert from what has been to what is, and return to the terraces in time to see the fountains play. It is very difficult to say to which fountain the palm of beauty should be awarded, some of the smaller fountains are the more graceful, but the large fountain will always draw the greatest crowd of sight-seers; and you have the delicate minutiae of the basket work border-pattern for those who like fine work, and the colossal central fountain for those who prefer things on a large scale. It is unfortunate for the fountains that the situation is such an exposed one, as unless it be a very close still day (such a day as few people are disposed to wish for), the effect of the fountains is much marred by the wind; still they are well worth going to see, and are more likely to be enjoyed after two or three visits than on the first occasion of seeing them, for when we have heard a great deal of anything we are sure to be disappointed. I wonder if any child ever found an elephant as big as he expected to see it!

## CONCLUSION.

SOME may be disposed to inquire whether, if natural history be worth studying, to which branch of it they shall devote their attention. Mr. Kingsley has so eloquently advocated in *Glaucus* the study of "The Wonders of the Shore," that those who are at all disposed to the study of marine animal and vegetable life cannot do better than read his book to see what he has to say on the subject. But it is not everyone that has facilities for studying those extraordinary developments found beneath the surface of the waters, where animal and vegetable life seem so curiously intertwined that for long many of the lower branches of the animal kingdom were reputed to belong to the territory of vegetable growths. Some, too, do not find that peculiar fascination in this branch of study that others do, for all tastes are not alike, and it is the very diversity of tastes that ensures the due investigation of the various branches of science. *All* are not geologists, *all* are not photographers, and wisely so. In the same way, all who delight in observing the habits and functions of animals

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select particular groups to which to pay particular attention ; and while the periods of migration, notes and nidification of birds afford matters of supreme interest to ornithologists, who observe with extreme curiosity any departure from the ordinary habit of any species, others are found to take specially in their charge the investigation of the habits of reptiles—and so on through the whole scale of nature.

One large division of the animal kingdom has, however, hitherto had too few followers, and the extent to which it has lagged behind the increasing intelligence of the present day is not very complimentary to its manifold attractions.

Botany has long been a widely studied branch of natural history, and we have many excellent standard works on the subject of our British Flora. The very existence of these works facilitates the continual growth of a crop of botanists among the rising generation, and there are several admirably adapted elementary works to assist the development of the young ideas ; but it may readily be imagined that had we neither Sowerby's English Botany, nor Babington's Manual of British Botany (one of the most conveniently compact works for promoting the vigorous prosecution of the science that could possibly have been conceived), nor Dr. Lindley's School Botany, &c.,

the progress of botanical science amongst us would not be so rapid as it is at present.

Now the neglected division of the animal kingdom to which I have alluded is Entomology—the study of insects. We have no standard descriptive work of any one order of insects—why? The reason is obvious; the number of species is so great, the amount of observation required is so enormous, that to meet with an individual gifted with a taste for Entomology, which is, of course, a *sine quâ non*, who has at the same time unlimited opportunities of collecting, for unless the entomologist is himself a collector, he cannot observe the habits of the different species—habits often of the greatest importance as aids to a correct classification; but, further, this indefatigable and ever active collector must be deeply read in all the literature which concerns the order of insects which he collects: he must have pondered and pored over I don't know how many musty tomes in order to unravel this or that obscure description; and it is only when all this has been done, that he can decide with any attempt at certainty whether a particular species he may have met with is already described, is already named. But, further, he must have an acute eye at distinguishing minute characters; he must have a peculiar tact in discriminating which



differences, minute though they be, constitute *specific* differences, and which, though to the uninitiated they may appear far more important, constitute only *varieties*; and to this faculty he must add the power of expressing tersely, in a few words, the specific characters of the insect he has in hand (Linnæus possessed in a remarkable degree the faculty of portraying in a few words the distinguishing characteristics of individual species). Now, when it is considered what a rare combination of qualities are here required to produce a standard work upon any branch of Entomology, is it surprising that we have none? May it not rather be presumptuous to expect that we ever shall have one; but I am in error—we have one work which answers all the requisites I have here named: it is true it relates to only a very small portion of the earth's surface, but, as far as it goes, it is the most complete, the most standard entomological work that has yet appeared—I allude to “Wollaston's *Insecta Madeirensia*,” which contains elaborate and critical descriptions of the beetles occurring in Madeira. That a huge quarto volume could be written on a subject which, to those unacquainted with the variety and extent of the insect-world, must appear so infinitesimally small, is a striking instance of the vastness of Entomology as a science.

When shall we have a similar work on our British beetles?

I have purposely called attention to the extreme amount of work there is to do, not with the view of disheartening those toiling at such labours with the dreary prospect before them, but because it is only by letting it be widely known how vast is the field of scientific research here almost untrodden, that we can hope to incite an increased number of individuals to devote their time and their energies to this branch of study. Where there is plenty of work to be done, aye, and *hard work* too, there the Anglo-Saxon directs his course most readily; but of course if he is led by ignorant advisers to believe that all is already done, and that there is nothing left for him to do, he will naturally turn his steps in some other direction.

It is but a few years ago that an attempt was made to produce a series of systematic works on the different groups of British insects. To accomplish this it was necessary to effect two distinct objects; first, to procure the properly qualified authors to write the books; secondly, to induce a sufficient number of persons to subscribe for the projected series as would induce any publisher to undertake the speculation. The idea was undoubtedly a good one could it have been carried

out, and it was undertaken by those who certainly would have carried it out had it been feasible, yet it is no breach of confidence to admit *now* that the scheme was a failure; it was premature, neither were the authors forthcoming to write the works which the promoters had in view, nor was the public sufficiently alive to the necessity of the projected series. Twenty years hence a similar scheme would probably meet with a very different fate; but are we to sit still, watching; as it were, with our hands tied for the next twenty years? I think not. Much may be accomplished by the division of labour, and it is with this object that I invite all my readers who feel any anxiety to pursue some branch of natural history, but are at the same time undetermined to which branch they shall give the preference—deliction—to try Entomology.

I say only to try it; for, if they don't like it they can easily give it up again, and, if they penetrate no further than the merest elements, they will never regret the additional enjoyment of the country that even that brief glimpse behind the curtain will have given them.

A few years ago I used to be sadly puzzled when any one asked me what book I could recommend to any one who wished just to dip into the subject of Entomology; but now we have

"The World of Insects, a Guide to its Wonders, by J. W. Douglas, Secretary to the Entomological Society of London," and this, from all accounts, appears to be just the very work to induce a beginner to want to know more, and to commence studying practically for himself. For it is a great mistake to suppose that all knowledge is to be got from books: books tell us what others have seen, but if we have eyes and observation we may go and see for ourselves; and our own observations will be far more impressed on our memories, and will enable us far better to arrive at correct conclusions on any subject, than if we had learnt half-a-dozen books by heart. It is for this reason, and because the study of Entomology can be followed almost everywhere and in all seasons, that it is to a considerable extent independent of books, and the mass of floating information—that is, information obtained by observation and communicated by the observers orally, or, perhaps in letters, to others, but never published—is enormous; and hence we so continually find that almost the very latest books written on any subject are considerably behind the knowledge of individuals, because it will frequently happen that those who are, perhaps, the best observers, do not care to commit their observations to paper; they have observed for their

own pleasure and enjoyment, and though yet by no means selfish, they care not to add to the instruction and enjoyment of others. Now if each person who were henceforth to devote his attention to any one branch of Entomology, were to carefully record all his observations and publish them as soon as he had collected a sufficient quantity to be able to put them into a systematic form, much good would be the result; each student would himself give an impulse to other students, each step taken would facilitate other steps, and as we must not expect to build a house all at once we must content ourselves with adding brick to brick, satisfied that if we persevere, in due time the erection will attain the desired elevation.

Now there are certain orders of insects that have been the subject of special study for many years with a great number of Entomologists, and, of course, much information has been obtained with regard to these, even though the greater portion be, as I have already noticed, floating information. But there are several orders of insects which are considered quite beyond the pale, and of which hardly any Entomologists take note; and it is to these that I would more especially direct the attention of those in search of a subject for investigation.

Not a single individual in this country has ever devoted his attention exclusively to the tribe of grasshoppers; they have only been attended to by those who have attempted to grasp the whole cycle of our native Entomology, and naturally this small group has not had the lion's share of their attention.

Now there is no especial reason why the poor unfortunate race of grasshoppers should be so overlooked; in some places they make noise enough in the world, and, perhaps, on that very account it may be considered that, as they are so loud in singing their own praises, there is no particular call for any one else to pay attention to them. But while we send Naturalists abroad to collect insects for us from the "utmost parts of the earth," surely we ought, in the first place, to do our best to investigate the private lives and histories of those chirping at our doors; otherwise it is just the old story of sending out missionaries to convert the heathen at Timbuctoo, and allowing our own heathen, in our own immediate neighbourhoods, to remain unconverted and uncared for.

Another group, which I should be very glad to see attended to, is the bugs; nay, start not—I allude not to the best known example of the

tribe, but to the numerous, active and often gaily-coloured field bugs. These are continually met with, and there is probably not an Entomologist in the country who, in the month of June, does not daily turn them out of his net by the score. But who pays attention to them? The beetles, though to my fancy they form a far less interesting group than the bugs, are extensively patronized, though, perhaps, the individual beetles would rather decline the patronage which puts them into boiling water preparatory to pinning them; but surely in this year 1856 it is quite time that some one should devote his energies and attention to our British bugs, even though the word has such an awful sound. The insects in question, too, have a vile smell, but so have many beetles; and we can't consider that a sufficient reason for neglecting the less numerous and, therefore, more easily mastered fraternity.

Another group of insects to which it seems astonishing that more attention has not been paid is the group of dragon flies, with the day flies, lace-winged flies, and the *Phryganeidæ*—insects which come from those curious case-making larvæ which we find in the spring months at the bottom of every little running stream or stagnant pool. These again are only attended to by those who look after every insect, and no one in

this country makes them the subject of his especial investigation ; but here certainly is a most interesting subject for research, and one which of all things the young, who are so fond of dabbling in the water, would readily be inclined to follow up, if any of their seniors would but put them in the way of it.

Another neglected group (that is to say we neglect them, for they don't neglect us) includes the flies and gnats, which are in summer time very constant in their attentions to us. Now it is true that to this group two or three distinguished living Entomologists have paid and are paying particular attention ; but their labours would be much facilitated if the number of students of this group were increased, and, indeed, from the great extent of the order, and the number of species, and their extreme variety of habit, it would probably be desirable that the rising generation should not even attempt to take up the whole order of flies, but that each should confine his attention to some particular group of the order. Unfortunately man is so prone to imitation, that what one does another will do ; and you cannot persuade each individual to chalk out a path for himself. So it is that every new Entomologist sets off at a jog-trot along one of the well-beaten paths, either that of beetles or



butterflies, and never troubles himself with the numerous untrodden paths which he sees on either side of him, and where no doubt he might accomplish much if he were but possessed of an energetic and determined spirit; but no, he runs after the crowd, and is soon lost in it.

Among the groups that have been only moderately neglected may be mentioned the bees; these, from their having engaged the attention of a Kirby, (and who does not know "Kirby and Spence's Introduction to Entomology?" and who has not read that work with interest and delight?) have long had a prominent place in the regards of British Entomologists. Mr. Smith has followed in the path where Kirby had preceded him, and has pursued his studies in that direction to such good purpose, that, by the production of only a moderate-sized duodecimo, in which the observations of many years are condensed, he may say that "he awoke and found himself famous." There are few more interesting works on Entomology than Mr. Smith's Monograph of the British Bees; and this work has the great advantage of being written in a truly philosophical spirit: we find no hasty generalizations, no leaping to conclusions—but even where the inference to be drawn seems to us very strong, yet if it be not proved, we find it cau-

tiously stated, not as an undisputed fact, but as a point which has yet to be established.

And this induces me to recur to one of the great defects which we find in almost every Entomological work we take up. It would frequently appear as if the attention of the writer were most continually exerted in order to conceal his ignorance—points on which the author cannot but know that he, with all of us, is supremely ignorant, are either dogmatically stated as though they had been fully explored and investigated or they had carefully slurred over, so that it is only the most acute critic who can detect that in this paragraph there is an assumption of some important fact not yet known, and that in that sentence there is a statement of a feature in insect life which has yet to be elucidated.

And why should this be so? Ignorance of itself is no disgrace, more especially where all alike are ignorant; but the exposure consequent on this desire to conceal one's ignorance of a want of candour and ingenuousness is certainly little creditable to the good feeling of the party guilty of such an exhibition. It is far more desirable pointedly to call attention to the extent of our ignorance, than to attempt superficially to hide it; because if our ignorance be known

and *admitted*, we are much more likely to exert ourselves to obtain the required information, and others are much more likely to assist us in the elucidation of the admittedly obscure point; as long as we maintain that the corner is *not dark*, no one thinks of coming to our aid with a candle.

I am often accused of underrating the labours of my predecessors, but I am perfectly cognisant of the extent and variety of the work that has been already accomplished; but yet when I compare it with the mass yet untouched, I feel that our existing Entomological literature bears about the same proportion to the entire subject that the preface of any voluminous work does to the work itself. I feel as when the curtain draws up after the overture, that now the play is *about to begin*.

Therefore it is that I say that those who would turn their attention to Entomology must not expect to find that there are books written, which they have only to read, and then they will know *all about it*; were it so, there would be no occasion specially thus to call attention to this attractive branch of Natural History. There are plenty of books which those who wish to study in earnest must read in order to put them in the right way of prosecuting their studies.

Perhaps some of my readers will wish me to name for them some of these works.

One work of enduring reputation, and about the oldest standard work on the subject we have, is "Réaumur's *Mémoires pour servir à l'Histoire des Insectes*." This celebrated French work forms six quarto volumes, and has had the honour of being copiously quoted in almost every work on general Entomology that has been written since its publication more than a hundred years ago. Of course in the interval that has elapsed, many important discoveries have been made, and the assertions and deductions of Réaumur must not be assumed to be those on which we rely at the present day ; but as a specimen of a careful record of interesting observations it has never been surpassed, and there is something very attractive in the rather quaint phraseology.

Of course it sounds very awful to recommend a person to commence a course of reading with a musty old work of six quarto volumes ; but though the work may often be picked up at sales of second-hand books it is not always to be had, and I must refer my readers who cannot obtain it to "Kirby and Spence's *Introduction to Entomology*," where they will find some most interesting extracts from Réaumur. The authoress of "*The Episodes of Insect Life*" has

likewise quoted largely from these "Mémoires," as well as from those of De Geer, which are also in six, or rather seven, bulky quarto volumes. But they are large print, and very pleasant reading, so that there is nothing very appalling in the idea of sitting down to them. Besides the book is now excessively rare, and it is very difficult, indeed, to get a complete copy. But here, again, many of the tit-bits will be found carefully embalmed in "Kirby and Spence's Introduction to Entomology;" and as this work, in point of time, next engages our attention, I will endeavour to furnish my readers with some account of it; for though it is a work that has gone through several editions, it may be that some who read these pages may not be acquainted with it. It is now nearly fifty years ago since Mr. Spence projected this work, for judging from the correspondence that passed between the two world-renowned Entomologists, Mr. Kirby's idea had been for a systematic descriptive work; and it was Mr. Spence who suggested it would be desirable to prepare the public to support such a work by bringing out a *popular* "Introduction to Entomology;" and, eventually, so much did this "Introduction" grow in the hands of its authors, that it was not till eighteen years after the work had been first projected that the concluding volumes appeared; and as so

much time was thus occupied with the "Introduction," it is not surprising that the systematic descriptive work, of which it was to promote the circulation, never appeared, at least from those pens. The rapid success of this popular "Introduction," of which the first edition of Vol. I. appeared in 1815, a second edition was called for the next year, and a third in 1817, shows how accurately Mr. Spence had judged the public taste, and it ought to have given greater encouragement to others to try the same mode of treating scientific subjects, than it actually appears to have done.

The method with which the subject is handled in the various chapters beginning with the Answer to Objections to the Study of Entomology, and proceeding thence to a consideration of the Metamorphoses of Insects, whereby almost immediately to secure the attention of the casual readers, is very ingenious; whilst for Political Economists, who look eagerly to the profit or loss which will accrue from any subject, we have in succession, first, a direful catalogue of injuries caused by insects (and we cannot ignore the extent to which they have the power of inflicting injuries upon us, and it is only by a careful study of their habits and economies that we can hope to palliate the mischief they may cause); and then

follows a shorter, but not less interesting, account of the benefits derived from insects; and it is sufficient to mention silk, wax, honey and ink to see that they minister largely to our comforts and enjoyment. It is after we have gone through this sort of prelude to the histories of insects themselves, that we come to the more interesting portion of the volumes; and the chapters on the affection of insects for their young, on their food and habitations, and on societies of insects, are quite as interesting as a novel; indeed the pleasure they afford the reader is more akin to that which he derives from the perusal of a good historical novel, than from any ordinary scientific works. The histories of real beings that have been seen and have long passed away, but of which their descendants reproduce in perpetuity the mode of life of their ancestors, cannot but be full of interest. The variety of means by which insects defend themselves, their motions, the sounds they produce, and the luminosity of a favoured few, are all matters on which much may be written; and that has been done in the "Introduction to Entomology," in a style peculiarly pleasant and alluring. Many a youth has been horrified at the hard sounding title, and knowing nothing as he thinks of Entomology, and having a pious horror of Introductions,

which he skips as conscientiously as he does the Preface of any book, he has never felt tempted to take the volumes off the shelf where they stand in the library, and little suspects how much pleasure he debars himself by the want of the necessary quantity of courage to enable him to look into a book that bears on its back so unpromising a title.

Mr. Newman's "Familiar Introduction to the History of Insects" is a work with a more attractive title; for though still termed an Introduction, it comes to us endeared by the title of "Familiar," and the compound Greek word Entomology is replaced by the more intelligible "History of Insects." On these grounds I have no doubt that the latter work has undergone its due share of thumbing by the rising generation, more especially as it is illustrated with wood-cuts, several of a humorous nature; for few can view the picture of the three merry crickets, with the legs in the various saltatory angles, without feeling there is something irresistibly comic in the representation; besides Mr. Newman has such an extraordinary knack of describing the habits of animals, that the sketches he gives us of the histories of individual insects are evidently the work of a master hand, and in his power of combining the grotesque and the droll



with the true and the scientific, he stands inimitable.

However, for drollery of illustration, he is completely surpassed by the "Episodes of Insect Life," in which a variety of quaintly ludicrous figures are given, at which probably there is hardly an Entomologist in the country who could look and refrain from laughter; and the writer of this work possesses very good notions of the art of stringing her "episodes" together, so that the book, though not intended to displace the use of more scientific publications, is extremely serviceable as offering some scientific pabulum with the greatest amount of sugar and honey that the subject itself would admit of.

The only other general work on Entomology, not of a professedly scientific nature, is that recent, but very successful publication by Mr. Douglas—"The World of Insects." It was a happy moment that enabled Mr. Douglas to strike out the novel idea of a compact little work on his favourite recreation, written not in a dry methodical manner, not arranged systematically first with this order of insects, and then with that, but grouping together the different forms of insect life occurring in particular situations, thus giving us first the house and its inmates, then the garden, and the many tribes to be found

therein, then the orchard and the feeders on the pulpy fruits; thus gradually he strays further and further from the house, and next we find him in the fields, and so on to the woods, the heaths, the mountains, &c. There are probably few Entomological works that stand a better chance of being extensively read than "The World of Insects;" for it is written with so much heartiness, that it is very difficult to put the book down when once we have taken it up, and the motto "*Corde et manu*" breathes the spirit that pervades the whole.

The books which I have hitherto mentioned are all books that will be eagerly read by those who are fond of reading, whether they have any special predilections for Entomology or not; but I must now proceed to enumerate several which those who are at all disposed to *study* the subject will find it advisable to consult. And first in importance, on account of the comprehensiveness of its grasp, stands "The Introduction to the Modern Classification of Insects," by Mr. Westwood; it has a forbidding title, I admit, for Introduction and Classification are two awkward words to come together in the same sentence; neither do we find it embellished with amusing vignettes; it may look a little dry, but on cursorily turning over the pages one

gets impressed, I hardly know how, with the idea that there is something very sterling and very solid about it; and then look at the extent of the ground it goes over—it aims at nothing less than introducing us to a knowledge of all the *families* of insects that occur on the face of the globe: we generally find that a more or less similarity of habit pervades all the different species in the same families, and hence, as in this work, the habits of the families are given in some detail, with notices of their transformations; we do to a great extent obtain a knowledge of the habits of every insect with which we are acquainted.

The relative distribution of the different families throughout the globe is a subject always replete with interest; and it is one on which much valuable information may be obtained from these two octavo volumes. The woodcuts in the work represent types of the different families, with the larvæ and dissections of the more important distinguishing characters. Though not arranged in that form, it is a perfect Encyclopædia of Entomology, and is the only work from which one can learn with but little trouble something concerning all the orders of insects from all parts of the globe.

A very charming work for those who are dis-

posed to take an interest in the insects of our country is "Curtis's British Entomology." The great feature of this work is the coloured plates; they represent the insects so accurately, that no other work, either in this country or abroad, has ever appeared with any thing like the same life-like accuracy of delineation and colouring. It is quite easy to conceive the disgust that must seize the young artist who thinks he can draw insects *pretty* well, when he is shown for the first time some of Mr. Curtis's *chef-d'œuvres*; one can fancy the scene, the puzzled scratching of the head, the blank look, and the speedy rejection of his own caricatures to their now discovered proper place behind the fire, though perhaps but a few moments before he thought them worthy of being framed. But the object of all master-pieces is not to dishearten the young beginners, but rather to encourage them.

The above completes the list of Entomological works which can be recommended to those who are general readers, or only about to take up the study of Entomology; those who penetrate deeper will find out other important works on different branches of the science, which it would be quite foreign to the purpose to enumerate here.

One very interesting feature of Entomology is

its connection with Botany; a large proportion of insects, including the whole of several extensive tribes, are vegetable feeders. Now we frequently find that individual species will not be satisfied with any sort of vegetable; they must have their own particular plant, and where that plant does not grow it is useless to look for the insect that feeds only on it; hence it is absolutely necessary that an Entomologist be also a Botanist; he must be able to recognise a plant, not merely when he sees it in flower, but when it pokes up its young shoots above the ground, and when nothing is visible of it but the withered stem and seed-head. Now those who are already primed with all this information would have a great advantage in the Entomological race; and as the Botany of a district is comparatively soon exhausted, it might be well if some of the skilled botanists, who seldom now have the delight of meeting with a new flower, were to turn their attention to the sister science; which, in certain groups of insects, they would do with increased facilities from the extent of their botanical knowledge. Of course their botanical skill would be of little aid in the study of the carnivorous groups, but there are several very interesting groups, such as the *Curculionidæ* or weevils among the beetles, the *Phytomyzidæ* among the flies, and

the *Tineina* among the small moths ; in each of these groups the caterpillars mostly are to be found beneath the skin of the leaves of plants, whereon they make singular discoloured tracks called mines, such caterpillars themselves being termed miners ; and the botanist would derive much additional pleasure from the observation of the variety of fashion he would find in these mines and miners in the leaves of the numerous plants growing in his neighbourhood. Local plants, and plants of rare occurrence, might be expected to nourish particular species of insects ; but these will probably long defy discovery unless some one skilled in local botanical knowledge comes to the assistance of the less informed Entomologist ; and observe, Entomologists do not wish to exterminate plants, as so many botanists are in the habit of doing, if they find a rare caterpillar on a rare plant ; they know that they may not succeed in rearing to perfection all the caterpillars they take home—therefore, even acting only from the most selfish motives, they are careful to leave some of the caterpillars at large on the plant, in order that if unsuccessful with what they take home, still they may not destroy the whole brood for another season.

Botanists know, by experience, how largely their rambles in search of the beauties of Flora

add to their enjoyment, and tend to preserve both the body and mind in a healthy state; it would be an unnecessary labour to endeavour to impress on them the manifold pleasures they derive from their pursuit, for of that they themselves entertain a very vivid consciousness; but for the benefit of those who are not botanists it may be necessary to say a few words on the manifold pleasures and advantages of out-door pursuits, sufficiently exciting without being fatiguing, and which tend so greatly to the due development of the observational faculties.

Did any of my readers ever meet a girl's school taking their accustomed exercise? Is there not something excessively ludicrous in the idea of some thirty or forty girls walking primly and demurely to a certain point, then right about face—and back again. The timed step, the regular methodic movement, which I have heard waggishly compared to the mode of progression of an ordinary sixteen-legged caterpillar, the sedate tone of voice, each only talking with becoming decorum to the one with whom she walks abreast, perhaps catechising one another the mean time in the eccentricities of some French verb, or ascertaining the degree of proficiency each has attained in the lesson in Mangnall's Questions—how can these minister to health?

But the medical attendant of the school recommends exercise, and is not walking across the common and back exercise? of course it is! what more would you have? Why, if that very worthy lady, the schoolmistress, would allow me to have the charge of her pupils on the next Saturday afternoon's walk (I believe it is not orthodox even to *take a walk* every day in the week), I think I could put them in the way of getting exercise by which they would be much more benefited, much more pleased, and come home with rosier cheeks and more eager appetites than is now the case. Perhaps the schoolmistress rather demurs to this last-named proposition, anticipating, as a careful housekeeper ought to anticipate, that if the girls' appetites be increased the consumption of food at dinner time will be increased in due proportion, and the six legs of mutton will look even more silly than they now do when they leave the table; but I can give her a word of comfort, for if the butcher's and baker's bills be increased she will find that the doctor's bill will be less; and if her pupils be in better health they will progress more rapidly with their studies, so that when they return home at the end of the half-year more satisfaction will be given to their parents, and the school will have a higher character, on account of the more



decided improvement visible in the pupils, than it otherwise would have had.

I think I hear some worthy matron ask what I should do if she were to allow me the charge of her pupils for an afternoon's walk, and as, perhaps, I am not very likely to succeed in persuading her to let me try the experiment *in propria persona*, perhaps I may as well here say what I would do, in order that if she likes to try the experiment she may herself have it put in execution. Now, probably, at the school where these girls are there are several teachers, and, perhaps, some one of the teachers may have some little knowledge of botany; so I would suggest that the teacher should ask two or three of the girls to bring her some wild flowers from their next afternoon's walk, with the promise held out that she would afterwards tell them something about them; and I must further petition, that the girls be no longer compelled to walk two and two methodically, but be allowed to roam and scramble at large, of course taking care that they did not get out of sight of their teachers. I admit that the effect of all the girls rambling along a country lane, some looking into the hedge bottom on this side, and others straggling to the other side of a broad green lane, would not have nearly the same fine effect which is produced by

the formal procession along the dusty pathway on the common, but I think it would impress any one who saw them with the idea that the girls were at ease and were out for enjoyment, whereas the stiff and prim set out, which we are so much accustomed to see, rather gives one the idea that they had said their lessons badly, and are doing penance for it, exposed to the public gaze.

Now if the schoolmistress has consented to grant my two—I hope not unreasonable—requests, I will endeavour to point out how the concession of these small favours would operate in carrying out my plans. The teacher has asked three of the girls to bring her some flowers, and so, as they go wandering up the lane, Amelia stops to pick a foxglove, and Annie to get a piece of honeysuckle; perhaps Laura, who is walking beside Amelia, inquires why she gathers the foxglove, and, hearing the reason, she quickly says, “Oh! if you want some flowers I’ll help you to get some;” and then she looks eagerly on both sides of the road to see if she cannot find something: presently she spies an orchis, and you may hear her clear voice ringing out, “Oh! look here, Amelia! here is a nice flower! will you have this?” Now the loud exclamation, the animated look, the sparkling eye, hardly seem to belong

to the same girl whom we had met previously doing one of her solemn penances. And when the girls return from their walk, perhaps some eight or ten of them have been helping to pick the flowers which the teacher had commissioned the three to get for her; and, perhaps, one or two of these new recruits feel sufficiently interested in the flowers they have helped to pick, to wish to know a little about them—and they, therefore, beg to be allowed to hear what the teacher has to say about them.

Then the teacher commences her explanation, and shows the peculiar structure of a daisy, how it is made up of many little flowers, as it were, closely packed together, and is so called composite; and points out why such plants as the tufted vetch and the bird's foot trefoil (gay flowers, which are pretty sure always to form a part of children's nosegays) are termed papilionaceous or leguminous; papilionaceous, because the flower had been thought to resemble a butterfly,—leguminous, on account of the long pods or legumes in which the seeds are enclosed; and though, perhaps, she goes no farther that day, and two hours afterwards the girls would say, if asked, they did not remember much about the lesson on botany they had received, yet the next time they go out for a ramble (I like that word better than

going out for a *walk*), they begin consulting with one another whether the white clover is not a composite plant, and whether the sweet-scented flowers of the bean field they are walking through are papilionaceous or not? or whether the long pods of the wild mustard do not show that it belongs to the leguminous plants; and the teacher who gave them their botanical lesson not being one of their party that day, the point remains in dispute and causes much contention; so much so, that two or three of the girls who had not previously got drawn into the botanizing mania, hearing the altercation, want to know what is the matter in dispute, and Eleanor and Maria, who always consider that they can settle every point, however knotty, find themselves not a little puzzled which way to decide; and, when they get in-doors, though they do not go in to swell the botanical class (as it begins to be called), yet as soon as the lesson is over they are very curious to know who was right and who was wrong, and in whose favour the verdict has been given. And so, in a few weeks, it is found that, with very few exceptions, almost the whole school takes an interest in botany, and a collection of dried plants is soon one of the favourite amusements of the girls, when in wet weather they are

prevented from getting out—then they want to know the names of all the plants they find, and every lane, and wood, and dell, is ransacked with the hope of finding some plant they had not before met with, and, as the season advances, and new plants keep coming into flower, what additional interest do they not find in the rambles, now no longer considered as set tasks, but eagerly looked forward to as something to enjoy and something to talk of afterwards!

The plan I have recommended is very simple and very feasible, and could hardly be tried without meeting with some success, and, when the girls went home for the holidays, each would take with her an occupation which would prevent the leisure time from hanging heavily on her hands; for I fear it must be confessed, that however eagerly and anxiously the holidays are looked forward to, there is found something unsatisfactory about them when they arrive, which no boy or girl likes to admit even to him or herself, but which is none the less real, and arises, in a great measure, from the want of some fixed steady employment for their time. They leave school, where each hour had its allotted occupation, and come home, where, perhaps, they have nothing to do all day long, and are surprised whence there should arise that strange feeling of

discomfort that creeps over them ; but if they will try the experiment, they will find that this vague, uneasy sensation will be dispelled just in proportion as they cut out occupation for themselves ; and if the girl who has been looking into the treasures of Flora at school, and has, perhaps, made out a list of the wild flowers occurring there, will set herself to work to notice how many of those same flowers occur in the neighbourhood of her own home, she will soon find the time pass merrily again, and oh ! delight ! she finds several new flowers she had never met with at school, and one of her schoolfellows is going to visit her in a fortnight. "How pleasant it will be to show her these new flowers !" and she sets to work to see to what extent she can swell her list of new flowers before her friend arrives. And when the anxious day comes, and she meets her friend at the railway station, as soon as the "How do you do's ?" and "How have you been since we left school ?" have been disposed of, she exclaims : "What do you think, Maria ? I've found fifteen new flowers since I came home !" and then she has to hear what her friend has found in the part of the country where she has been stopping, for Maria, poor girl, has no *home*, her parents are out in India, and so she spends her holidays partly with one

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family of cousins and partly with another. Then, the next day, they are both tripping down the lane, in order that Maria may be officially introduced to all the new discoveries, and, whilst they are passing by a clump of thistles, some brilliant butterfly pauses to suck the syrup from the flower, and, as it alternately raises and depresses its wings, both the girls exclaim "How beautiful!"

Perhaps some of the young botanists generated by Miss ——'s adoption of my suggestion, visit the mountainous parts of Wales or of Scotland during the vacation ; then what a treat have they ! All the extraordinary forms of Alpine flora are at once displayed before them ; plants they had never before seen are here as common as can be, and how the pursuit in search of them entices them first up this hill side, and then up that rocky slope ! Then there are the bog plants, for bogs have a vegetation of their own, sometimes not very easily get-at-able ; indeed, Thomas Hood once had a capital sketch of the difficulties in which the too ardent votaries of Flora might thus get involved ; for the picture represented some enthusiastic botanist who had just pounced upon some rare plant, which he was holding up in great glee, though a slight damper to his enjoyment was, no doubt, caused by the yielding

nature of the soil, which had already engulfed him to above the waist—so that the title of the picture, “Botanizing—a Bog Plant,” showed very pointedly the dangers attendant on a too eager search after the vegetable growths of our bogs.

But I hear some prudent mamma exclaim—that botany may do all very well as a pursuit for boys, but they cannot think of allowing their daughters to tear their clothes with scrambling through hedges, clambering over stone walls, or to get the bottoms of their petticoats all muddy (to say nothing of wetting their feet) by venturing into swamps, morasses, marshes and bogs; they do not wish their daughters to be Amazons or Ida Pfeiffers, and, though they don’t object to their gathering the flowers that grow on the accessible hedge-banks of a country lane, they cannot think for a moment of allowing them to wander through the country in any direction like so many tomboys; besides, if they go off the beaten tracks on the mountain sides they will be tumbling over some precipices. What a fearful catalogue of dire disasters have we not enumerated! No wonder that prudent mammas, and even timid daughters, hold their breaths; for the idea of ending one’s days with a broken leg, or arm or two, lying at the foot of some precipice,



where there is small chance of your being discovered for weeks, perhaps months, to come, is not a very cheering prospect—but is it necessary, because you are searching for plants, either to be swallowed up by a quaking bog or to tumble over a precipice? I think these are mishaps not *necessarily* incidental to botanists, and to which ordinary tourists are quite as likely to be exposed, for they ascend mountains to admire the view, and then abruptly descend because some sudden mist comes on, whereby they miscalculate their direction, and, instead of going back the way they came, they turn off to the right or left, and, from not being able to see where they are going, find themselves coolly walking over some nearly perpendicular precipice of some forty or sixty feet, before they make the discovery that they have lost their way, and that it would have been better for them to have remained quietly on the hill top till the mist had rolled away; and an instance occurs to me, in which a lady running down a hill side, from some imaginary danger, suddenly found her progress impeded by her feet sticking fast in a bog, so that she had some difficulty in getting them out again.

I should, therefore, be rather disposed to recommend the prudent mammas aforesaid to accompany their daughters on some of their botani-

cal rambles, and if the increased pleasure and delight which they find their children took in the exercise, so necessary as a constitutional, does not of itself plead strongly in favour of a continuance of such studies, I feel that any arguments I might use would only be thrown away.

But besides such of our young friends as visit the mountainous portions of our country, others visit some sea-bathing place, where, formerly, their life used to be somewhat as dreary as that described in Glaucus, "a stare out at the window with the telescope, an attempt to take a bad sketch, a walk up one parade and down another, interminable reading of the silliest of novels;" now, however, they are all alert and alive to get those plants collected which are peculiar to the coast; and, instead of finding their time a burden to them, something to be got through, they find so much to see and look after, so many plants in bud which they are anxious to see in blossom, that the month at the sea-side slips away before they are half conscious of the rapid flight of time, and while they were still intending to revisit several sunny spots to see if this or that flower were yet out, they find it is time to return to school.

Oh! you should have heard the chatter of tongues among our young botanists when they

met that autumn at Miss ——'s establishment, how they compared notes of what each had found, and how each had to recite her adventures of exactly where and how she found each natural curiosity; then it appeared that one girl had visited Malvern a fortnight after some other had left it, and she had just come in for finding some flower in full bloom which her predecessor had seen only in bud, and which she had anxiously watched day by day in hopes of seeing it expand; and I am not quite sure she didn't shed a few tears when she found the pleasure of seeing it in blossom must be postponed for another year (for a year, short a time as it seems to us, seems a long while to school girls). Now, to her great delight, she finds her friend has brought with her several carefully dried specimens of this very plant. Then there is such a deal to be said between these two girls as to where they had been when at Malvern, each wanting to know if the other knew this or that spot, which to her was connected with some pleasant associations. There was a power of talk on botanical localities got through that evening before they went to bed, and the next day, when the botanical teacher (whose exertions helped to support her widowed mother) returned to the school, so great was the feeling of gratitude that the girls felt towards her

for all the pleasures which she had been the means of introducing to their acquaintance, that she narrowly escaped an ovation, and they were never tired of telling her what a good thing it was that she had thought of calling their attention to the wild flowers of their lanes ; and the teacher was of course pleased to find that the little treasures of her botanical knowledge, which she had unfolded to the rising generation, had been the humble instrument which had helped them to so much innocent pleasure.

But, I have omitted to notice one link in the chain—a link which I do not consider by any means unimportant ; some of the girls thus infected with a plant-collecting mania have brothers, and, during their holidays, some of their brothers also got smitten with the disease, for it is astonishing how infectious any collecting mania is ; and now these boys are dispersed to various schools, and each there serves as a lever to move other boys in a botanical direction ; and though the movement generated by a single boy, unassisted and unencouraged by one of the ushers, would not be a very powerful one, yet still it is a move in the right direction, and perhaps one of the tutors, or perhaps the drawing-master, may take some interest in the subject, and may give a helping push to the embryo botanist.

An able writer in the new number of the *Natural History Review*, a publication which is, I fear, too little known, has very cleverly handled the very subject I have just been considering, and I cannot do better than enforce my own arguments by quoting his words.

“Above two thousand years have passed away since Aristotle—justly termed the Father of Natural History—ceased from his labours. Slowly have facts been accumulated; gradually have those been grouped together, and yielded their treasures to him who possessed the noble power to generalize upon them. We find the country now cleared and producing crops, and but imperfectly estimate the difficulties encountered by the early settlers. To us Zoology has ever presented the aspect of a science—one eminently progressive, and of which ‘*Excelsior*’ is the motto. We have witnessed not only a great change in the science itself, but one still more remarkable in the tone of the public mind in respect to its importance. There was a time in England when the will of a lady was attempted to be set aside on the ground of lunacy, because she took pleasure in forming a collection of insects. And many years have not passed by since the man who gave up a portion of his time to such pursuits would have been looked upon

by the 'practical man' as a busy idler, who wasted his time in frivolous pursuits.

"Among the intelligent class of the community this spirit has passed away. It is not merely that the 'practical' applications of Natural History knowledge are manifested and justly prized, but that a recognition is made, though as yet imperfectly, of the value of such knowledge for its own sake. There is a lore, distinct from that of the mart or exchange, which is not heard in the din of our forges or our factories, which does not sun itself in the haunts 'where merchants most do congregate,' and yet one which is now eagerly sought for. The mother wishes her children to know something of the beasts and birds, the butterflies and the sea-side wonders, that by knowing such they may learn the great lesson of humanity to all that live. The father wishes his boy to interest himself in such pursuits as furnishing a resource against ennui, and, to some extent, a safeguard from the debasing influences to which youth is exposed. The teacher sees in it the means of calling into activity faculties which are not exercised in the old routine of education, and values natural history, not for the knowledge it imparts, but for its influence on those faculties by which we observe, compare and generalize.

“As these ideas and these wishes find utterance, means are taken for their fulfilment; and hence we see, in course of time, natural history taught in schools, recognized in colleges, and made one of the qualifications for the honours and emoluments which India offers to intelligent and ardent youth.

“The teaching of Zoology to the young might, we think, be made eminently attractive. If it does not become so, the fault lies with the teacher, not with the subject. Some fancy, that in order to teach Zoology to children but little need be known about it. Never was there a greater mistake. To be able to teach it to children requires not only a good range of knowledge, but that rare acquirement—the power of conveying that knowledge in precise, perspicuous, and yet not formal terms. Unless the teacher be properly prepared, his youngest pupil will soon find him out, and think, though the words may not be uttered, ‘I do see the bottom of *Master Shallow*.’ Unless his language be clear, his pupils will be floundering in the mud, and sometimes stick fast, unable to go any further. But if the mode of teaching be varied according to the ages, capacities and attainments of the pupils, the pleasure is great and the advantage permanent.

“Let us look at this subject a little more attentively. We hold that Zoology may be adapted to persons of all ages, and may be rendered ‘popular’ to all. It has, we consider, an expansive principle. Like the genie in the Eastern tale, it may be shut up in the vase drawn by the fisherman from the sea ; or it may, like the same genie in a different condition, extend from the beach almost into the clouds above. How is this ?

“Let us take a happy prattling child—one able to join in a little country stroll, and yet so young as to be still amenable to the regulations of the nursery—what does it seek to know ? Are not its questions about the swallow and the robin, the bee and the butterfly, the snail, the frog and all the other common things around ? He wishes to know their habits and their modes of life, and all their wondrous instincts. So natural is this desire, that the American poet beautifully regards the acquisition of this knowledge as the forest education of his future hero :—

“Then the little Hiawatha  
Learned of every bird its language—  
Learned their names and all their secrets ;  
How they built their nests in summer ;  
Where they hid themselves in winter ;  
Talked with them whene’er he met them ;



Called them 'Hiawatha's Chickens.'  
Of all beasts he learned the language—  
Learned their names and all their secrets;  
How the beavers built their lodges,  
Where the squirrels hid their acorns;  
How the reindeer ran so swiftly;  
Why the rabbit was so timid:  
Talked with them whene'er he met them;  
Called them 'Hiawatha's Brothers.'"

*Song of Hiawatha.* —LONGFELLOW.

"Let us now take as our companion a boy or girl, who numbers a few years more, and we shall find not only that they wish to know to what group certain animals belong, but also—what is not alway so easy to answer—why they do so? In such cases the best way is to give the scientific term belonging to the class or order, and carefully explain what it means. To shrink too much from the use of scientific terms is a false fear. The great point is to make sure that they are really understood; and we do not know anything more attractive to the young than to get them to enter into the discussion of some structural distinction, to lead them to trace out its bearings, and to find a solution for themselves of the question to be solved. Any one who doubts if structure, as connected with classification, can thus become interesting, need only ask a little circle of boys or girls, Is the bat a bird?

Bring out their knowledge and their notions as to its covering, its birth, its nourishment and other particulars, and he will find all the faces become bright with intelligence as he proceeds, and the interest never slackens till the question is solved. Then let him stop. Give them a correct perception of the peculiarities by which the bird and the mammal are distinguished, and let the lesson end. They will carry away one idea clear and distinct; and they will long for a recurrence of a lesson which they like even better than they like play.

“That they do so under circumstances is a fact of which we can speak with certainty. Some years ago a teacher had interested his pupils in Zoology; their parents however, regarding it as a waste of time, wished him to resume his previous course of instruction. He did so; but to his surprise and gratification, the boys waited on him a few days afterwards to ask, ‘Would he kindly meet them half an hour earlier each day, and then give them their lesson on Zoology, without trenching on the time given to other studies.’ It is almost needless to say that he gladly did so.”

THE END.



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